

☆ 2

VOGUE

60c

JANUARY 15

Remaking Yourself



NEW WAYS TO

Remake your figure's age...

Uncrowd your closet...

Use the new clothes colours...

Take your cosmetics by mouth...

Change your accessory ideas...

Know when to change your coiffure—or yourself...



Tonight... 1500 miles at sea...
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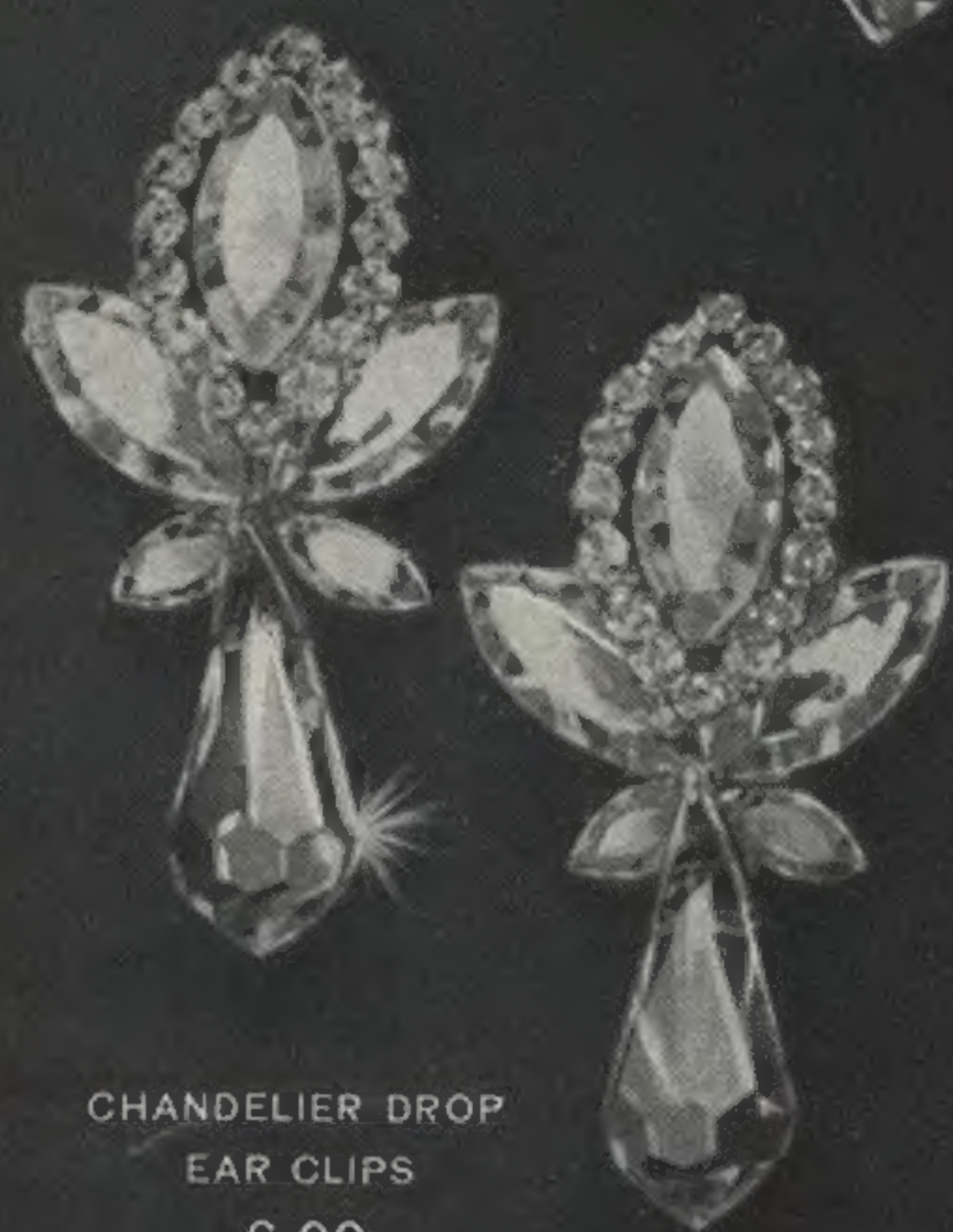
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VOGUE

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There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V. - PATCÉVITCH Publisher

JANUARY 15, 1959



WILLIAM BELL

COVER

First stop on Vogue's tour of remaking-yourself ideas: a clearer, brighter make-up which takes its cue, naturally, from the tone of fashion in general now—almost to a dress, clearer and brighter.

The cover lighting: Antoine's, and this simple—sky-blue eye shadow, ivoryed foundation and face powder, and a new stepped-up shade of lipstick called Rhythm Red.

All, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

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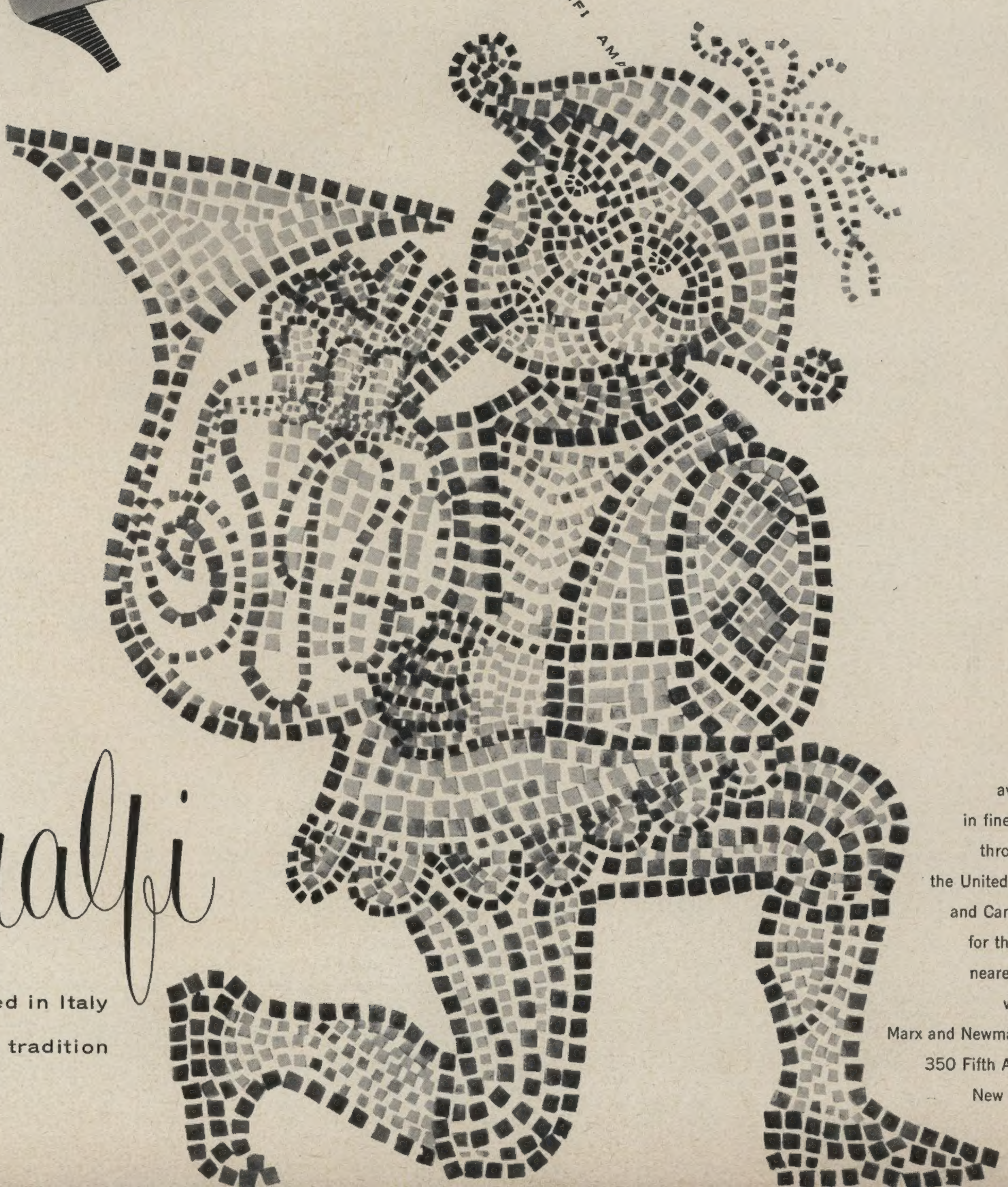
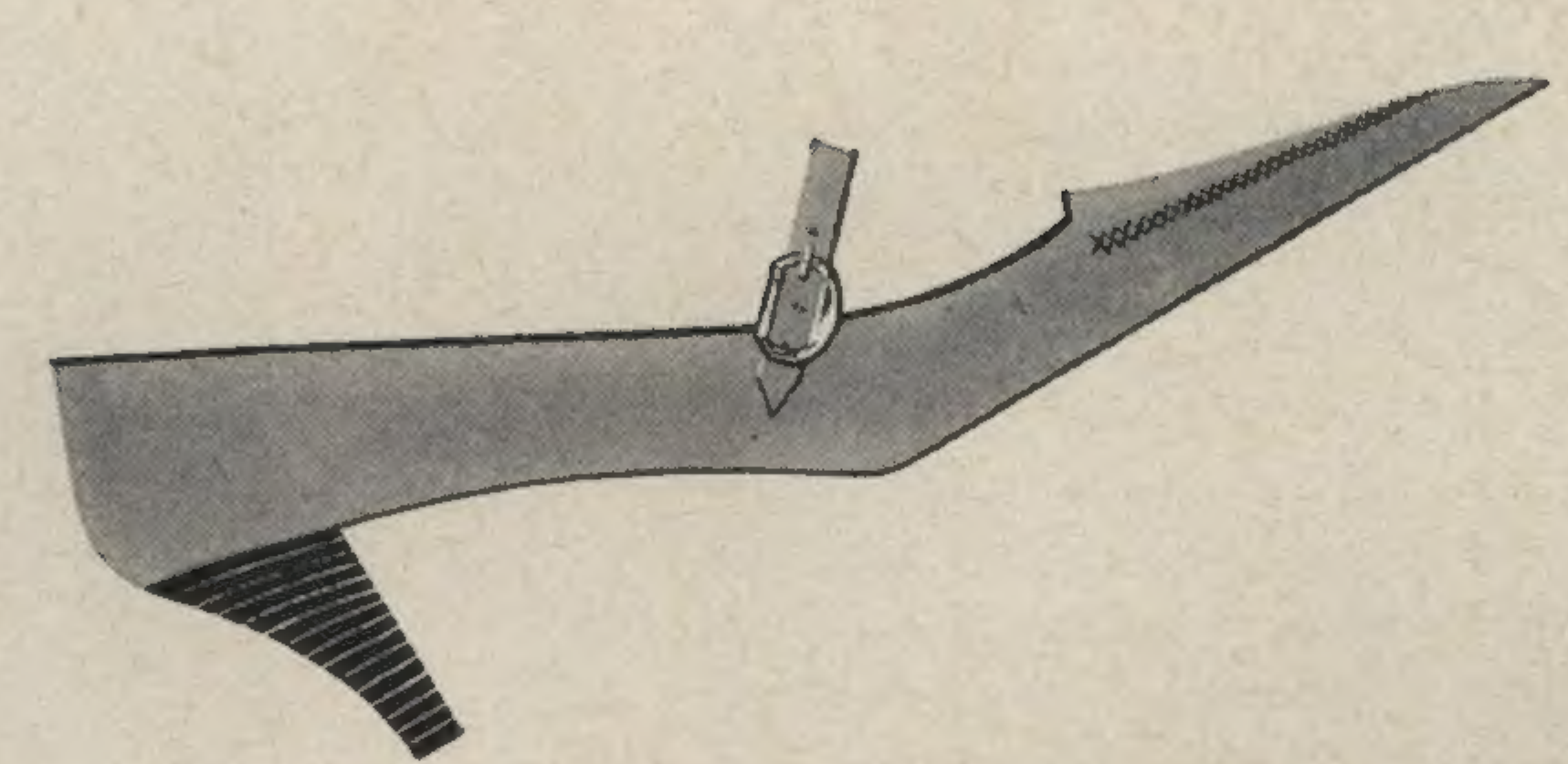
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Sun bulletin

More about the suit on page 65.

Converted by floater camisole here—the bare-midriff bathing suit photographed on page 65. Swim shorts and camisole connect by button—just for fun, or on the premise that what the sun doesn't see, can't hurt you. By Brigrance of Sportsmaker, in blue and white cotton (Hope Skillman fabric). About \$30. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel.

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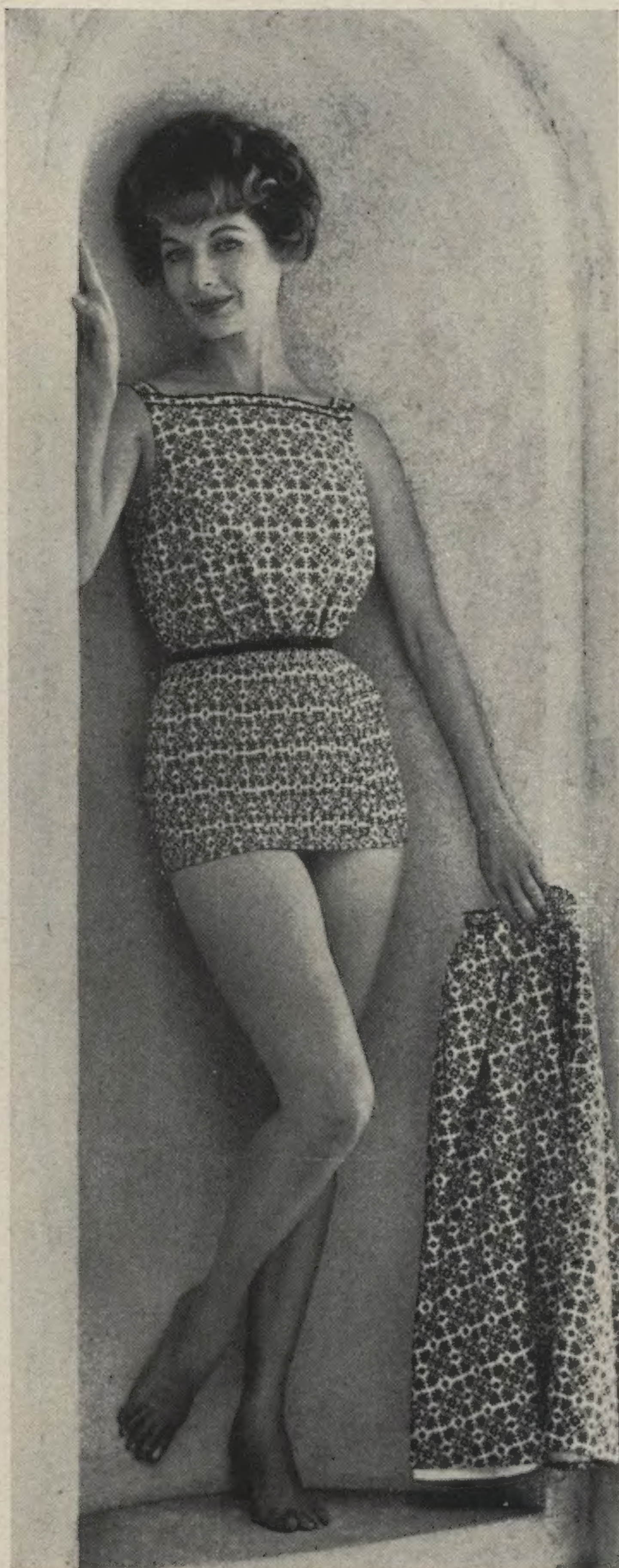
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JANUARY 15, 1959

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Opposite above: **Tweedie**, built-up, double-breasted bodice with interest where you want it—upward. Helanca and Lastex knit..\$22.95

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*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed

How Arnel comes out of a suitcase—after flying 1500 miles

The right clothes add so much to the pleasure of your trip. Providing that they *still* look right when you unpack them! Only this morning this colorful resort dress was riding in the plane's luggage hold. This afternoon it tours San Juan looking fresh as you see it. Arnel triacetate and rayon, woven into a new airy basket weave, resists wrinkles even when you pack and re-pack for island-hopping. *That's a real asset!*

Arnel and rayon fabric by Ameritex. Dress by Dan Keller. Mauve with pink embroidery, gold with ivory, beige with green. Sizes 8 to 16. About \$30.00. At Lord & Taylor, New York City; Bramson (all stores), Chicago, Ill.; Himelhoch's, Detroit, Mich.; I. Magnin Co., California & Seattle, Wash.; Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, D. C. Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16. Celanese® Arnel®

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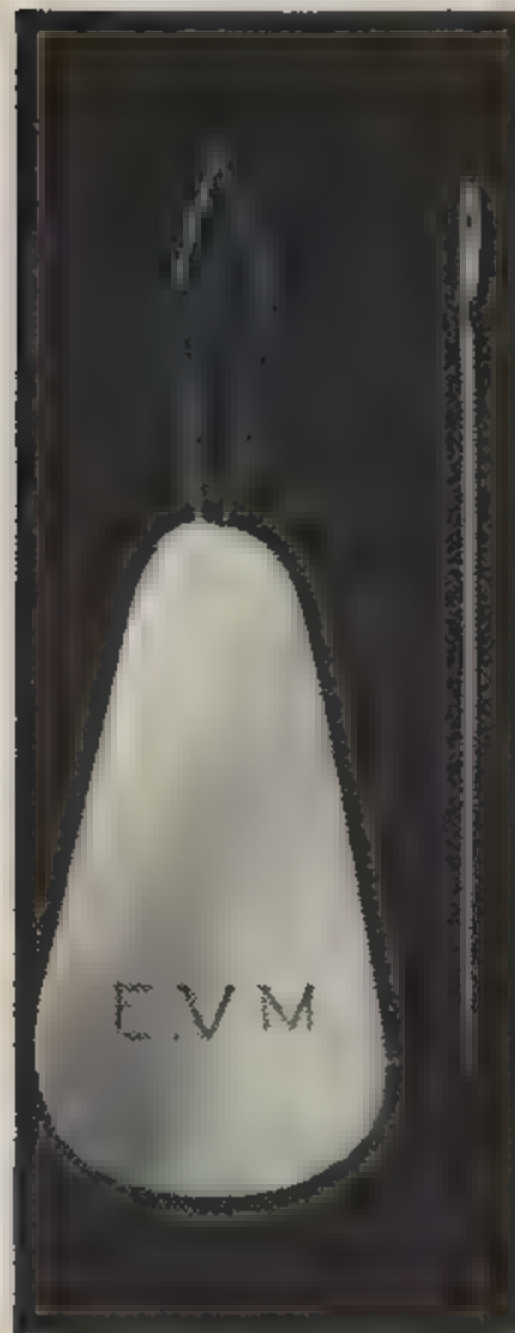
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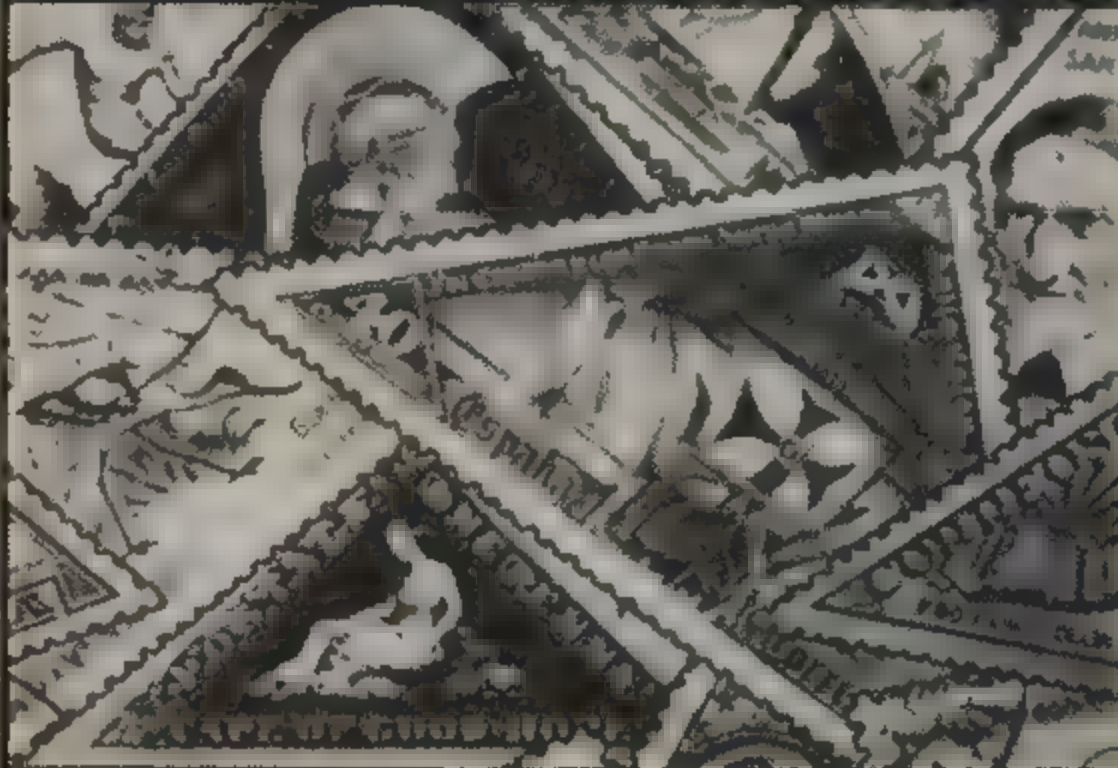
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News in a nutshell.

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... midwinter mentions

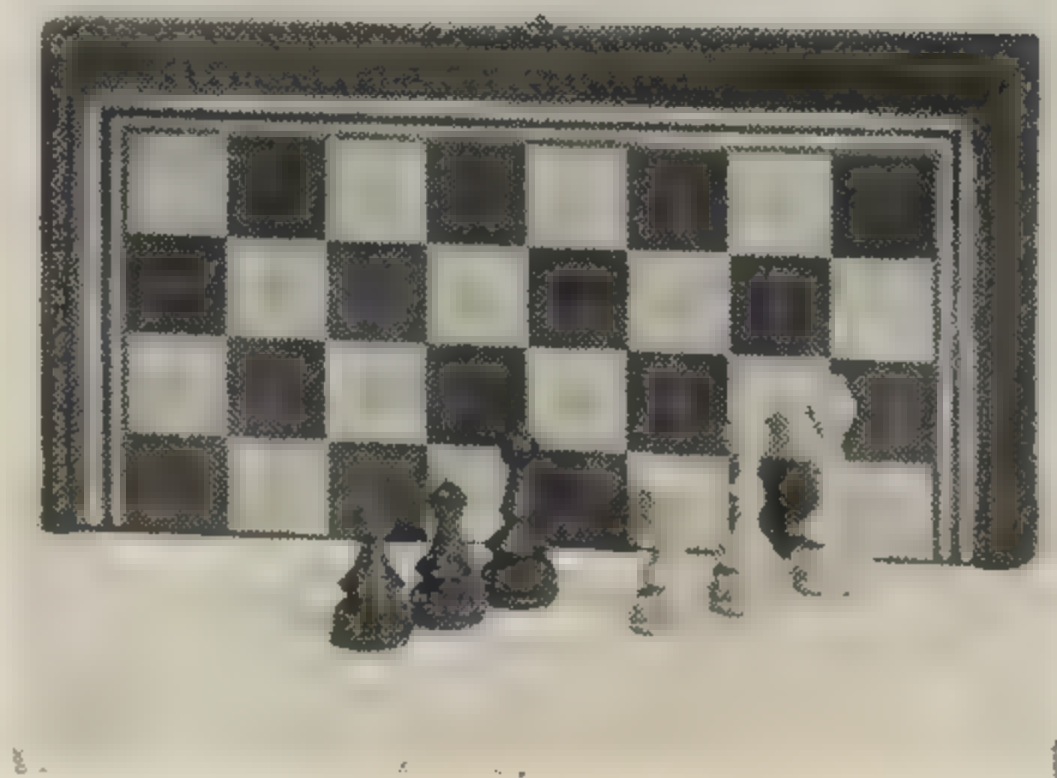
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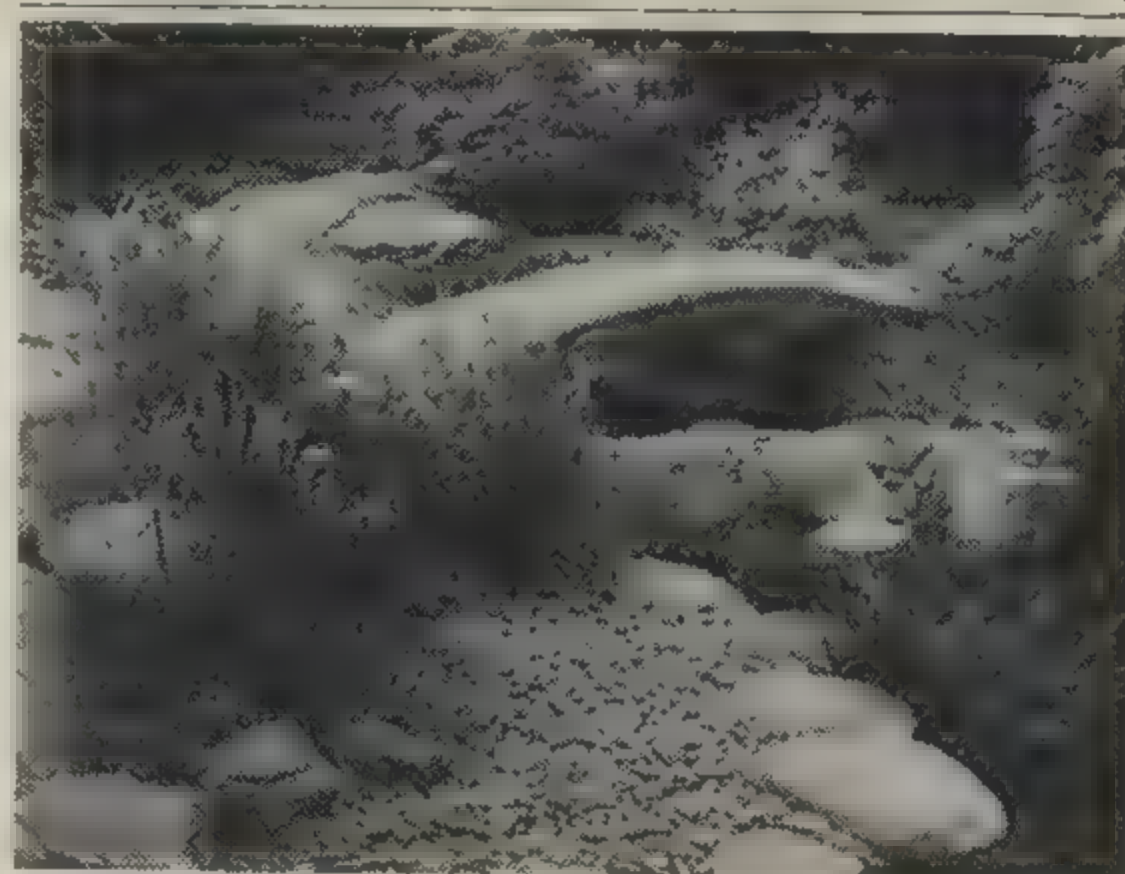


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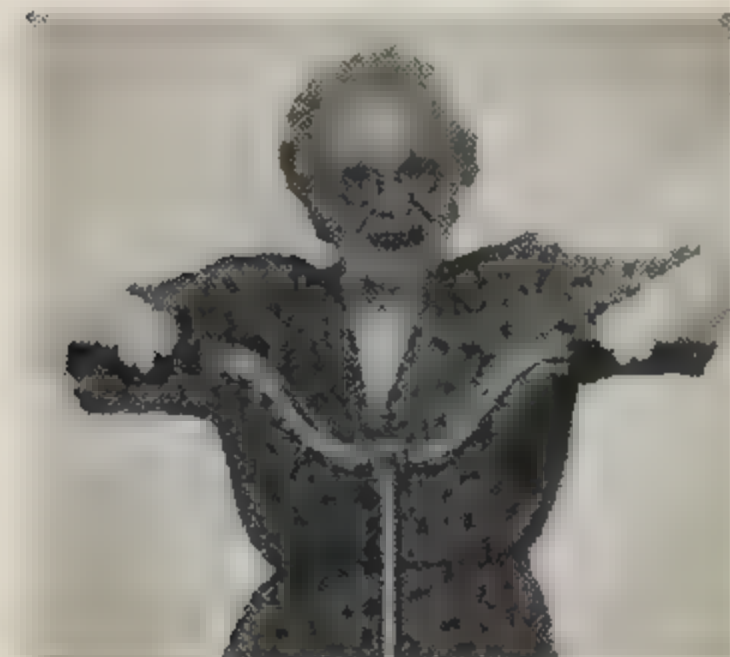


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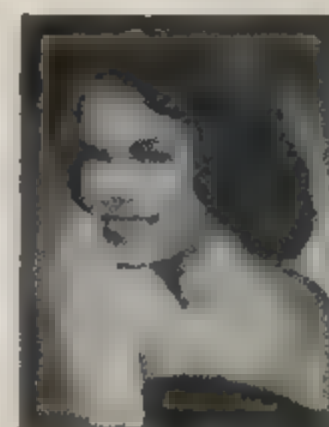
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VOGUE

JANUARY 15, 1959

SCHATZBERG



Vogue's eye view: remaking your manners

Etiquette that's bound for the next edition of etiquette books: Yes, he is preceding her into the taxi. Yes, she is holding the umbrella, holding the door; is, in fact, cooling her heels in the rain. No, this is not an example of bad manners. It is good manners. Most importantly, it is good sense which, after all, is the making—or remaking—of manners. Which follows, in this case, the remaking of cars and taxis—smaller; of skirts—narrower. As for the people above it, it might have happened this way: somewhere along the line he discovered that the old rules weren't working—women scuffling in the dark to reach the far side of the taxi or men scuffling over women to reach the same end. And so now, sensibly—chivalrously—he goes first, settles smoothly (in the way people who are accustomed to wearing trousers do) on the far side. She follows, swivelling into place without a murmur. It's as simple as that. For our money, the woman in the photograph above has it made. Or, as it were, remade.



When to remake yourself ...and when not to

It's not too hard—knowing when to change your hat, your hair colour, your calorie count, or the living-room curtains. But to change in the realer sense is a decision not to be taken lightly, unless you have sturdy guidelines leading in a direction you're very clear about. Unless you know who, and how, and what, you want to be, how can you ever know whether to change or not?

Time changes us all, of course, but the direction of change is up to us, for time only provides the momentum, a

momentum so powerful that she who doesn't move up, moves—willy-nilly—down. Ideally, we grow more valuable, more exciting, more rewarding with every flexing to new experience. In fact, one of the things that can keep a woman from growing more-fascinating-by-the-minute is a sad inability to change when change is needed. And to be able to change is to have the power to refresh your world, to see that world and the people in it with an unreluctant eye. The right change, at the right time, can do away with tinned reactions, frozen mannerisms, heavy, heavy repetitions; it can bring to every situation a first-time freshness.

Most women are neither smug nor insensitive. To almost all of us come days, or a day, when we know we must alter or redirect at least some part of our lives. For some of us, it takes a shock. We drift along, blurry, busy, and habit-ridden, like amiable, nearsighted robots until we are awakened—rudely. But for serenely-balanced, happy people, change is continual, voluntary, and imperceptible: growth in perpetual motion.

Usually it's in her forties that a woman begins to research herself, to see whether she is in a rut, and whether she has formed push-button habits of thought, gesture, or appearance. But a twenty-year-old can be pretty tiresomely “set” too; indeed, at any age a woman can take to a tangent in anything from ethics to clothes and mistake it for a way of life. Sometimes she is so infatuated with the rôle that she forgets to outgrow it. The result: a package with no surprises. . . . The compliment “Darling, you haven't changed at all!” would be of dubious value if it related to the whole woman. Very often it is true of the woman who has had a tremendous success in a particular rôle; she seems frightened to move, fearful that if she relinquishes this proven rôle, she will have nothing, and be nothing.

An unadventurous woman, this, stuck forever with the ever-dwindling character of second ingénue.

But what to change, and *when* to change? And when to dig in your heels and refuse to budge? If, for example, a woman has the refreshing quality of being interested in almost anyone and everyone, she should give up fine gold before she tampers with *that*. Yet, knowing the answer to what and when and if is part of the difference between a fascinating woman and just a woman. More deeply, it can be the difference between living with an alert mind and heart and living on a shiny surface.

Now then, if you're debating superficial changes, consider: maybe they aren't important enough to make? And a sub-thought to that: the chances are better-than-good that really “seeing” these minor, habitual tiresomenesses just once will put an end to them. But if the changes you want to make would, for instance, mean clearer communication between you and yours, or put emphasis on something that has become interesting or exciting to you, then change, and change from the inside out. Example: if you see that you have gotten into the habit of being unfair, or unbearably critical, or have become an airy promise-breaker, one way to change those manifestations might be to realize that such things matter more to your own soul-stuff, to your own essence, than they do to your victims'. “By changing our opinion of ourselves,” said William James, “we can change ourselves”—a truism that works, happily, both ways.

When you come to the decision that change you must, you'll discover this: changing doesn't so often involve taking *on* habits as dropping certain ones. You keep the real and let the phonies go. If you decide some quality of mind or some mannerism has to go, comfort yourself in the knowledge that a habit takes no longer to break than it took to form. A wise and human woman suggests this formula: If you mean to break a habit, break several habits for one day. Do—differently—everything that is habitual. Jostle your fixed habits. You may be jostled into new awareness. . . . In fact, if a woman has a deep sense of direction in her life, she can almost take the policeman's admonition-to-crowds as her motto: “Move along, now. Move along.”



Remaking your clothes life: 7 looks to have on file in The uncrowded closet

Our premise is this: a closet can be as big as all indoors and still be crowded. And while profusion, when you have the time, money, and talent for it, is charming—what isn't charming is the con side of the argument . . . confusion never got a woman a "look" or a second look yet. **And what goes into a "look"?** To begin with: less. Less supernatural knack (there are Rules); less money sometimes; less piecemeal fashion—we've seen women clutter a good suit look with an unessential shirt, disorganize a coat look with too much dress. **How many looks do you need?** You might, as first move, ask yourself what public events (omitting the great galas, the golfing or skiing) constitute a normal work-and-play week. Shopping . . . school and committee work . . . one, two, three dinners-out . . . theatre . . . no-category days with a little of everything. From this, whittle down to basic looks *complete* in themselves. Now . . . **test your closet aptitude.** Any day dress you haven't worn in six months is half way to fashion Timbuktu (for this uncrowded-closet plan, halfway measures just don't work). As for anything that makes you feel uneasy in the wearing—question it; if intuition crowded your closet, let it uncrowd the same space. **The money question is a loomer,** and a woman has to make her own peace here. We do say this: grey flannel suits come in all prices but we don't feel a too-small price makes a bargain. As for black—there's some leeway; amortize prices over the wearing hours. About coats: if you can afford mink, have it. If not, a cloth-coat replacement is valid; or perhaps a lesser fur as the extra coat. **As for strength in numbers:** we're showing seven looks, all of them good except in hot weather; some of them possible even then. The violet-pink coat, page 27, certainly will jet-travel, July or no. **Hats?** This year, think about colour early, now. About pepper-green, lipstick-mauve, turquoise, amber (blondes know how vivid that can be). Put money into **handbags** in the distinguished non-aestivating leathers—alligator, pony, French-red calfskin, crushed suède. Into shoes—unexpected new openings here. Re jewels: pages 52-53 are a 7-look feast of uncrowding—and judicious crowding—in the pin and pearls area. **Re skirts, shirts, sweaters:** our word is—buy the freshest news; keep the inventory down; rebuy. To add, too: **accessory dresses**—bright light wools, short on sleeve and barer at the neck; they're so amenable to coat, coatless life—three's definitely not a crowd.

"A dress and jacket—with soft, pretty 'afternoon' tailoring."

Left: New short-sleeved suit—a dress and jacket of navy-blue fine worsted; the jacket with décolletage, a new shaping of shoulder, less sleeve. The dress has very short sleeves; bare neckline all around. By Parnet, about \$145. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Trevi straw pillbox. Richelieu necklace; the gloves by Kislav: Best & Co. The furniture from Yale R. Burge.





HORST

Uncrowded closet: "One coat can't do everything—but two can"

Re the strong coat-turn fashion has taken—uncrowding plans: a fur coat, new length; a cloth coat, new colour. **FUR-COAT LOOK**, left: Three-quarter mink coat that's the item to think about if uncrowding your closet is the first step in meeting a crowded life, coat-on. Here, a twenty-hour-a-day coat (fur kimono it isn't) for suits, evening dresses, as well as the smalls of your fashion life—some very Chanel-y effects possible over shirts and skirts with this as jacket. Visible with it, this shot: a flipped-back mustard silk hat, bamboo bracelets—facts that should point up fur-into-spring ideas. Coat by B. Wollman, of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. Coat, bracelets: Bonwit Teller. Coat, Nan Duskin; Frost Bros. Mr. John hat. Kent-cigarette holder by Wiesner of Miami. **NEW TWEED LOOK**, above: The second coat in a closet (but not very often in)—violet-pink wool-and-mohair of the cut and usefulness that's made travel a non-spectator sport. Unqualifiedly, this goes with everything on these eight pages, even the chiffon evening dress; the little wool dresses you probably own as a matter of course. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Coat, Lucille bag: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also Hutzler's; Dayton's. Lilly Daché hat.





HORST

Uncrowded closet: "Daytime clothes—cityish suit, a new dark dress"

Two looks to pluck blindfold—and almost daily—from the closet without a qualm about their reviving rightness. **LITTLE BLACK DRESS LOOK.** Left, a soft crêpe nothing of a dress in the without-it-I'd-die category . . . and the secret ingredient needn't be money. Here it's a planned coincidence of the new depth of sleeve and belt, a certain width at the top. By Larry Aldrich, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About \$90. Dress, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. Emme hat, designed to begin its day around sundown. **THE GREY SUIT LOOK OF 1959.** Above, grey wool flannel, distinctly un-flannelly—crisp about its tailoring, but wonderfully feminine; note, for instance, the widened collar with its fill of pearls, the non-straight straight skirt, which might solo occasionally with silk shirts. By Ben Zuckerman. About \$190. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Panama straw hat by Mr. John. Shoes from I. Miller. Chair from Yale R. Burge.



HORST

Uncrowded closet: "Dinner-dressing—no dress fits every situation"

Two dresses here that belong, smartly, on either side of the fine fashion line dividing dinner and dinner-theatre. DINNER-PARTY LOOK, above, amounts to this: a dress with softness, bareness; a dress that doesn't require a hat but looks marvellously prettied with hatty roses. Black silk chiffon is the choice here; straight-length, planned to go with either of the coats two pages ago. Amiable as all this sounds, coiffure and make-up *aren't* the places to ease up; and cha-cha-able slippers are a good idea. Dress, by Larry Aldrich. About \$145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Emme coiffure-roses. Andrew Geller shoes. Chair roses, on a bergère from Yale R. Burge. RESTAURANT-DINNER LOOK, right, navy-blue textured silk dress-reward for a woman with accept-no-substitutes as part of her shopping credo. No astonishments here unless you count beautiful dinner-table décolletage, the right amount of sleeves, and coverage, for the cocktails-first phase of things. Dress by Pattullo-Jo Copeland. About \$160. This, Eisenberg earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Emme hat.



Remaking your figure's age:

The not impossible you

A Meissen figure made before a certain date is a certifiable antique: one made later isn't. In the eyes of the U.S. Customs officials who must pass on it, what means old is—age. What makes a woman's figure old in the eyes of the world is, interestingly enough, not that. Dates don't matter. Loss of quality does. When this happens a figure is old at any age.

Lapses in outline can make miseries of what was once very good form, and they happen, as a rule, in certain crucial spots: the upper arms (that's a critical place), the bosom, the midriff, and the thighs. It's now known that these misfortunes are not inevitable; they're entirely evitable. Preventive measures can, in fact, postpone them indefinitely. And, after they have happened, remedial measures can correct them to as much as a seventy per cent retrieve. About all of this there's enough fresh thinking around now to encourage anyone to take another crack at acquiring a crack figure. Certain props can help. Certain changes of habit. Certain amusements. Certain things to eat. Ten minutes a day can help. And breaking a law can help. This law is one about which police officers don't care, the law of gravity. But figure experts care, and one of the best ways to break the law of gravity is with, of all things, dumbbells. Note the models shaping up on pages 59-61. To begin logically, the present focus on gravity stems from the use of a principle involved in one of the most celebrated treatments for the comeback of muscular strength—namely the swimming pool therapy used for polios. In water, gravity's lid is almost off, so that patients with even a ninety per cent loss of muscle power can be taught to use their ten per cent muscle ability, useless when they are earthbound. And this has dusted off the fact that gravity is pulling on all of our muscles, all of the time,

winning in the case of stooped shoulders and the bent backs of the very old. To reverse gravity—forcing it, in spite of its Newtonian nature, to work for us instead of against us—is the point of the snappiest exercise theories now on the boards.

One place that's all for this constructive fooling is a great all-across-the-country beauty salon. Here the exercise people believe in workouts with dumbbells, in twirling Indian clubs, in lying upside down to exercise—not new activities in themselves but new as a part of a plan. This is the way gravity enters the picture: when a heavy dumbbell is added to the end of an exercising arm, gravity tugs twice as hard on that weight, giving twice as much pull to underexercised muscles. Same thing in a lighter vein with Indian clubs, and the extra pleasure here is the hypnotic rhythm. When the classic bicycle exercise—the thighs' own—is done on an inclined board, feet up, gravity has to yank those muscles the *other* way. Gravity's the idea to keep in mind in almost any voluntary exercise; it adds to strength of purpose, supplying a point of concentration that makes exercise-time fly.

Time is something else about which this establishment has a point of view—particularly ten minutes of it. In their heartening opinion, this amount of time, considered negligible in some quarters, serves the figure best when it's concentrated on just one or two purposeful daily exercises, far better in fact than a whole hour only once a week. Many exercise brains even smile on split-levelling this period into five minutes, morning and evening, and one has worked out two simple (now there's a word) routines that are good advice for anyone setting out toward bathing suit country now. First: "The Fling" to put firmness back in the upper arms. It works as follows: Stand up and fling out both arms, throwing your whole body

into it and reaching for the horizon. Touch your shoulders and fling again. It is easy and results will be faster if you add dumbbells for gravity's sake. Second: "The Toe Twist" designed to use—and to firm—the thigh muscles. Directions read this way: Lie down on the floor with your hands under your hips, flat on the floor behind you, legs stretched out in a V, feet in the air, toes turned up. Make them face each other, pigeon toed, then toe out in the old Charlie Chaplin stance. Repeat until the time is up. This is meant to put to use muscles that may not have been used since Required Athletics; properly done, it helps remake their youth.

What flashes YOUTH to the observer's eye is marble firmness—really an accomplishment; even, one might say, a fashionable accomplishment. Move a muscle, any muscle, and your body's on the way to firmness. In some cases—possibly yours—more than ten minutes' daily motion may be in order; more rigorous action, more direction. Ordinarily this involves salon appointments, often hard to keep. No-appointment-necessary is the big pull now drawing streams of models (whose days are jumbled with picture-taking) to the new phenomenon with the period name—the gym club. Almost as widespread as little-man-from-Mars stories, gyms are springing up everywhere. Most of them *are* clubs, with memberships, and members can drift in at any time (early, late, on holidays), find what's needed to solve their problems and spend as much or as little time as they care to with it. Within these sturdy premises is a forest of gleaming devices—thigh-contouring machines, waist-contouring machines, pull-downs; rows of glittering chrome- or gold-plated dumbbells sized from midget to monster; and, usually, a pool. For each underexercised set of muscles there are at least four avenues of experiment. Directed activity is available, too, with achievement cards and a three months goal. Dazzling but not pretentious, these clubs are the drive-ins, the motels, the self-service stations of voluntary exercise. They cost roughly \$12 to \$20 a month.

But neither this open house arrangement nor the spur of a tactless mirror revealing the sudden shock of an old figure can give some people the fortitude to exercise. They say, "I'd rather give up eating; it's simpler." It may be, but it's way off base. Pounds are not necessarily the reason for an "old" shape, and losing weight in sharp drops sags both skin and muscles. For non-exercise people, then, this idea should have a particular appeal: it's the burning belief of one of the country's most energetic nutrition buffs that certain precisely interrelated vitamins added to the diet can produce an astonishing recoup of muscle tone.

In spite of firm disagreement among doctors, our man put his idea to a long and serious test, keeping very full documentation. This is what happened: one hundred and seventy-eight women were chosen to go through a three months test-period. Their ages stretched from eighteen to seventy; no one had a weight problem; all had old figures (clinical photographs show one twenty-year-old with an eerily elderly body). They were given a mild low fat, low salt diet and, with it, a high intake of vitamin B complex, accented with other vitamins believed to influence the metabolism of muscle tone. Fifty of the group—more than one out of four—*were* astonishingly influenced. In each of these cases, where there had been muscle lapse, there was muscle tautness; thighs firmed up; waists firmed in;

the curves of the arms became smooth again. Furthermore, this same formula prescribed by doctors for twelve children with crossed eyes (caused by weak muscles) proved extremely helpful. The idea excites, and, especially when used in partnership with exercise, it *might* be a wonderfully complete method for recovering a young look. (Your doctor may or may not hold with this theory. Ask him.)

The young look, in the view of one distinguished doctor, is on its way to being a lost look for the whole country. It's his opinion that active people experience less tension, have greater physical strength, and rarer weight problems than the inactive who show the definite signs of age much earlier. His prescription for everybody: less rest, more exercise both general and formal (that's medical code for fixed periods of activity). If you feel—or take refuge in feeling—that you aren't strong enough to exercise, it might be interesting to have your physician give you the simple six-exercise test-form widely in use. You may not pass—many of us wouldn't—and if you are classified as sub-strong, the doctor will probably order—and this may startle you—quite intensive exercise.

Exercise in one form or another is not a sometime thing but a way of life that should go into everyone's script. (For the medical prompt book on this, see Vogue's Heart Authority, January 1, 1959.) It *can* be so woven into our lives that we hardly know it's there, miss it when we skip; so that, "I *know* I ought to . . ." becomes "Oh, I remember Wednesday, it was such a fast, rampageous day I didn't even exercise."

What sports are good for a figure? For many women—though not all—sports are good for fun, and that's the main point. If you particularly enjoy one, and the muscles it uses are the very muscles you need to use, you're in something closely resembling clover. One of the movies' most attractive stars, who seems to be gaining in good looks just at the age when most women fade, plays whirlwind tennis, and her waistline is a marvel. Anatomically, sports and their special benefits match up to figure targets this way: Arms—wonderfully improved by rowing; paddling a canoe, your own or someone else's; by golf, which, unlike tennis, involves both arms; by swimming. Bosom—by archery; swimming. Midriff, hips—by tennis; swimming. Thighs—horseback riding; dancing; ice-skating; swimming . . . Swimming, you'll note, turns out to be the great all-over figure fixer.

When doctors speak of general exercise, they mean, fundamentally, just getting on the move more and moving your muscles. But a variety of simple daily motions qualify as incidental exercise that pays off with far from trifling results. Almost everyone can walk more, and walking is wonderful. Running is even better. Physical therapists maintain that it's when we grow up, and give up running that our bodies first begin the unbecoming process of aging. So run for that train. Skipping the elevator is another gambit—once used, we're told, by the formerly-of-Brooklyn Dodgers—and possible for almost anyone when the number of flights to be climbed can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Carry packages; the shops will love you and the required gravity routine is influential with arm muscles. One young woman we know who began toting her own has developed in a year arm muscles as strong as her golf playing husband's. Becoming, too. Standing up is another practice that may work (*Continued on page 99*)

Beauty to

When you swallow a "cosmetic," with the initial gulp it goes to work on your looks, and—depending on precisely what you've swallowed—it can brighten your eyes; or strengthen your fingernails; add becoming inches at the bustline or firm up wobbly teeth; it may even, by fighting fatigue and stress, brighten your disposition. Cosmetics to take by mouth differ widely in availability—some can be had with no more effort than a scribble on the grocery list; others require a doctor's prescription, and, often, a doctor's continuing surveillance. While the results are sometimes dramatic—not to say startling—the application couldn't be more painless, and even conservative medical men agree with many of the methods described here.

FOR THE SIGNS AND SORRINESS OF AGE: Here the oral cosmetics are squarely in the white-coat-and-stethoscope group. The answer may be estrogen hormones—repeat, *may* be. Ask your doctor absolutely everything; don't swallow one pink pill (we're presuming you're pale with interest) without his instructions and continuing supervision. While estrogens are used occasionally during adolescence, they are more clearly indicated in the post-menopausal years, whether menopause has occurred naturally or has been brought about by surgery. Generally they are given according to a careful "cycling" plan or alternated with other substances. As many women in middle or later life already know, estrogens have already robbed the actual process of menopause of most of its terrors (of which insomnia, nervousness, and headaches were three of the mildest). But many women may not know of the cosmetic effects of estrogens, which are often delightful. One result of menopause—with its attendant sharp drop in a woman's own hormone production—is a progressive drying-out of the skin, at all levels; this accounts for many of the symptoms of "aging" skin. Estrogenic preparations tend to arrest this dismal process and keep up the normal "turgor" of the skin—its fullness, freshness, and firmness. A young woman endocrinologist whom we interviewed recently on this subject said without hesitation, "Estrogens taken by mouth in the post-menopausal state can prevent many of the outward signs of aging."

FOR IMPERFECT FINGERNAILS: Brittle, given to snapping off at the ends, or at the sides; ridged. The hope of better looks here is pretty bright, although it comes in a simple little packet—printed all over—of unflavoured commercial gelatine to be taken once a day. It can be dissolved in any liquid you fancy (morning fruit juice is an easy way to remember) and its effects, after a few weeks, are often im-

pressive. Several controlled medical studies have been made in which large groups of women with severe nail defects have "ingested" (i.e., swallowed) 7.5 grams, or one envelopeful, of gelatine daily for twelve or more weeks. Some of the women were in perfect health otherwise; others were suffering from various illnesses. In almost all cases the fingernails showed improvement, ranging from "moderate" to "excellent." The doctors aren't sure just why this is so, except that gelatine is high in protein and the mysterious building-blocks of protein, amino acids; possibly it improves the circulation at the finger-ends. In any case it works.

FOR THE BOSOM THAT ISN'T: For some women it's possible to eat the way to a belle poitrine. General weight gain adds bosom, *and* when it's accompanied by spot-diminishing exercise for hips or whatever, it can result in a more feminine silhouette, better muscle tone. *Have* that hot fudge sundae, eat that baked potato. . . . **HOPE:** Doctors have observed a definite, though not invariable, relationship between the use of synthetic steroids and the development of breast tissue, notably when these hormonal preparations are given (always under close medical supervision) to adolescent girls suffering from acute acne. With the increasingly rapid advance of knowledge in the field of endocrinology, it is possible that eventually women who have never believed in the charm of being, shall we say, lanky, will have a medical choice.

FOR DRY-AS-FEATHERS HAIR: See Fingernails paragraph. The same program, given a ninety-day trial, often helps. However, the causes of arid hair vary, and it is a sound idea to check with your doctor for possible sources of trouble.

FOR FATIGUE—BUT GOOD IN LOTS OF CASES: A varied diet. Aging isn't the only problem. Many women who, according to the calendar, should be in the fullest bloom of health and good looks somehow, mysteriously, are not. Fatigue may be a factor; or a diet inadequate in some respects; or a too-skimpy intake of fluids; or a combination of all three (the second and third may add up to produce the first). Reassuringly, the major group of cosmetics-you-can-swallow are still the ones that come in a market basket. There is really no substitute, in pill, capsule, or any other form, for a balanced diet—above all, for a *diversified* diet. Man was apparently intended to be omnivorous—to eat a little of many foods, and not too much of any one; and the healthiest people seem to do just that by instinct. They're not the ones who say, "I've had the same breakfast every day for twenty years," or "We never have fish, it smells up the house so," or "Nobody in my family has ever liked vegetables."

take by

It's been said before, often, but it's worth saying again—in everybody's diet, every day, should be something from each of the following groups: (1) green and yellow vegetables, (2) oranges, grapefruit, and tomatoes, (3) potatoes and other vegetables and fruits, (4) milk and milk products, (5) meat, poultry, fish, and eggs, (6) bread, flour, and cereals, (7) fats and oils. Vegetable oils are now preferred by many doctors to animal and dairy fats (butter, for instance), because they don't tend to raise the cholesterol level of the blood—now believed, in some quarters, to be a factor in the high U.S. incidence of cardiac disease. Skimmed milk, and non-fat dry milk, are preferred to whole milk for the same reason, and cottage cheese to Camembert.

All these foods have essentials to contribute to the complex chemistry of the human body, and all, to some extent, are interdependent on each other. Eating more of any one food, such as meat—a common American tendency—doesn't compensate for short-changing on the others; and besides, it gets monotonous. To the person whose family has always proudly rejected vegetables, one distinguished nutritionist says: perhaps nobody in the family ever learned to cook them decently. Fish, a valuable source of minerals, low in fat, and high in first-class protein (protein containing the ten essential amino acids), doesn't pervade even a small apartment if it is properly cooked. A young doctor said recently, "If I ever have my own hospital there won't be a dietitian in it—just a lot of good cooks."

FOR VITAMIN DEFICIENCIES: Nutritionists worth their salt maintain for the most part that vitamins should come from food; proper diet means vitamins to spare. However, there are times. . . . For instance some doctors feel that women on a very low-calorie diet may feel rather better if they take medically *prescribed* vitamin pills. Also after a long siege of something treated with repeated doses of antibiotics, one can have a deficiency of vitamin B (symptoms: cracks at the corners of the mouth, greasiness of skin, nervousness, poor morale), and of vitamin K, the anti-haemorrhagic vitamin (symptom: excessive bleeding from trifling injuries). This is because the antibiotics, in their zeal to sweep away offending bacteria, may also, unfortunately, sweep away the bacteria that synthesize B and K vitamins in the human system. (Yes, Virginia, there *are* good bacteria.)

For such deficiencies, a doctor would probably prescribe synthetic vitamin supplements, perhaps in rather massive doses. One of the B components, thiamine (vitamin B₁) is, according to Dr. Ancel Keys—in his new book *Eat Well and Stay Well*—"probably the most critical of the vitamins. A diet devoid of this vitamin produces trouble in man in a few days,

the first signs being loss of appetite, nausea, and apathy. Fortunately, a varied diet of natural foods with a good supply of vegetables and some lean meat or whole-grain cereal takes care of ordinary needs." Notice, again, the word *varied*.

FOR A SLIGHT JANGLE OF NERVES: Are there any "tranquillizing" foods? Medical opinion appears to be divided on this point. Many people find milk, especially warm milk at bedtime, soothing, and it's possible that the calcium or milk protein may have a calming effect on nerves. One doctor remarked—"cold beer might work as well for somebody else."

FOR FEELING DRIED-ON-THE-RADIATOR: One thing medical opinion isn't divided about is the need for an adequate intake of fluid every day. Water, which gushes freely from any tap, is certainly one of the greatest cosmetics you can swallow, but many women (men, too) skimp on it in the mistaken idea that it's "fattening." It isn't. It's true that taking a diuretic, or having one injected, can cause a quick weight loss of three or four pounds, but this is the actual weight of the water lost from the system; it represents no loss of fat.

Water is essential to life, and it's certainly essential to beauty, since nothing shows up in the skin faster than a too-stingy intake of fluids. One nice thing about water is that it doesn't insist on being loved for itself alone—it can be taken in milk, soup, fruit juices, coffee or tea, almost any kind of drink, as long as a minimum of one litre (about one quart) goes down your throat every day. Many nutritionists now give a kindly nod to wine with meals, on the ground that it helps the gastric juices as well as boosting fluid intake.

FOR LESS THAN STEADY TEETH: A woman who finds cold fruit juice distasteful first thing in the morning, and forgets to make up for it later in the day, might (after some time) notice that her teeth are loose and her gums spongy, or that her skin bruises easily; all, classic symptoms of vitamin C deficiency. Her M.D. may suggest an ascorbic-acid supplement, or simply step up her intake of tomatoes and raw peppers (goldmines of C). And, while she's at it, she may take comfort in the fact that crunching such raw, fresh foods as peppers, apples, celery, and carrots is marvellous for teeth, aside from the other values of these foods, post-crunching.

FOR DRY, CRACKED SKIN, FAULTY VISION AT NIGHT: Preventive medicine this, because if you're living now with these problems, what you need is a good internist. However, in the ounce-of-pre. department, consider this: Skimping on green and yellow vegetables, with their hoards of vitamin A and carotene, may lead to dry skin, poor vision in dim light.

Remaking your looks for colour

With clothes colours growing brighter and brighter, the continuing faze for most women is . . . make-up. Total brightness on this score is out, for obvious reasons. Paleness, even if it's your natural asset, could be a disaster. (The pale beauty wearing the brightest dress in the room and still doing a disappearing act knows what we mean.) Basically, a *clarified* look is what's wanted now; and that's the only norm we'll quote. This new clarity varies—or it should—with the colour of your dress (creamy skin tone for green, warm peach for yellow, a natural rosininess for pink, to take three examples) and with the fact of your present hair colour. If you're currently a blonde but expect to be a redhead, for instance, plan on putting in more mirror time at the change-over, re-evaluating new skin-hair-dress-colour relationship. An essential help here is to call your skin tone by its right name . . . ivory, pink, cream, medium, or a ravishingly limpid pigmentation that make-up experts technically check-list as blue (!). All these are clarifiable by foundation and powder. The true olive complexion (marvellous if you own one) is the place where moderate rouging works lightening, clarifying wonders even in the daytime, makes your natural colouring compatible with the highlights in your make-up colour. Which brings us to a word about Focus. With a bright dress, the involvement of *one* other colour of equal intensity is a beautifying concept. We may fix on eye shadow; but if your mouth is your best feature, consider a refocusing to intense lipstick—not however, to the double intensity of both lipstick *and* eye shadow. With the green suit, right: airy bluish eye shadow, a silkier choice than green. With yellow (page 38), the compelling refocus on yellow eye shadow. Pink (page 39) can afford more of the same glittering composure via a pink lipstick. A cool make-up hand in fact did all the remaking on these pages. Eddie Senz, famed for his theatrical make-ups and riveting talk (. . . on Ralph Bellamy in *Sunrise at Campobello*: “Just showed him how to hold his jaw and all the make-up we used was a lead pencil . . .”) arrived with a jam-packed escalator kit of cosmetics and applicators (hint to the hold-out who thinks of clarity as less make-up), and a technique. Lightning relay of colour from the palette of his thumb to the model's face (“more opaque, more supple that way”); some fleet work with eye pencil and lip brush; precise matte powdering. His achievement: make-up in a new clear light, made to seem a far simpler art, learnable even by late-starters with brush and face paint.

To put you in the
right light for the
new clothes colours:
three new make-ups
beginning here

Right: Green—everybody's green—here using cream-fair foundation to bring up naturally pale colouring, keeping to a close match in the powder. Other make-up clarifiers here: turquoise eye shadow with an overplay of blue (at night, you might add a blue mascara) and a thinly drawn black pencil line at the inner corner of the upper lid to consolidate the effect. Lipstick—*two* lipsticks: darker and lighter tints of a flashing coral. Suit, pepper green with a whole string of springy appearances coming. By Adele Simpson, of Anglo wool, about \$185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Emme.





Make-up for the new yellow

The hitch in yellow up to now: a tendency to let one's everyday make-up tag along when what's needed, obviously, is a whole new approach. Here, an applied fairness that's not to be confused with paleness—warm peach foundation and powder supply it, plus a clear positive pink shade of lipstick. All this leaves the major cosmetic emphasis where it ought to be: on the eye shadow, a good strong yellow applied in depth. *Right:* Mimosa for wearing without a qualm (if your make-up conscience is clear)—silk shantung dress, line and dot, very first-of-the-season. By Jane Derby, about \$110. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie yellow stone earrings: Bonwit Teller.



Make-up for the new pink

To aim for with new non-ingénue pink: a natural-looking pinkness of complexion. The how-to: foundation and powder on the whitened-pink side, high-key pinkness in lipstick—fuchsia-pink as base lipstick, a livening bright pink as the over-coat. On the eyes: lavender shadow first, then a pencil line of darker lavender near the upper lash. For daytime, no rouge—most complexions will gain enough brilliance from the rosy base and powder used. *Below:* Dress of a newly unproblematical pink, in a shape that makes a nice little riddle of the figure. By Clare Potter, in William Rose silk. About \$70. Dress, Ingber bag, Nettie Rosenstein earrings—gilt, focal: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Halle Bros.





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The clutching but inconclusive play, *J.B.*, by Archibald MacLeish whose reworking of the story of Job has a beautiful theatrical quality, enlarged by Elia Kazan's powerful direction, giving the cast an oiled and integrated effect. . . . The drive of Peggy Lee, backed by a choir of thirteen, singing "When the Saints Go Marching In." . . . The comment: "You can call him a rug merchant, but he's a great director—he knows where the stage is."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sign over a Cornell alumni club: "Welcome to all nations except Carry." . . . *The Poorhouse Fair*, a beautifully brief novel because its author, young John Updike, says what he has to say and gets out, leaving the readers with a non-sentimental book about old people in a poorhouse, all written exactly, movingly, and with poetic understanding and poetic sparsity. . . . The word, "tricheur," used constantly in Paris for either a young man or a young girl of good family who snaps both society's rules and moral laws.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Charlie Margulis playing the *All Time Great Trumpet Hits* (Carlton Records) with the melodies clear and singing, except for a few times when the slides get a bit greasy. . . . The Perls Galleries exhibition of Pascin nudes, distinct, feathery, emotional, disturbed, and palely exquisite. . . . The French film *Inspector Maigret*, about a wily trapper of crooks, with leathered Jean Gabin as the Inspector, a part he fills as comfortably, as expansively as he fits his old leather chair. . . . The Robert Lewis book, *Method—or Madness?*, eight stunning talks on the technique of acting, lessons by which audiences can learn to see more than the ignorant eye reveals, to realize more of the art requiring "order, discipline, precision, and finish"—that is the Method, and to talk less of mumbling and "truth"—that is the Madness.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Diana Adams and Arthur Mitchell, dancing their extraordinary *pas de deux* in "Agon," angular and complex, in the New York City Ballet. . . . The serene painting of Enrico Pontremoli (at The Contemporaries), a French painter whose work possesses a natural elegance, far removed from his artistic work during World War II Resistance days, when he forged thousands of identity cards, ration cards, and visas for the *maquis*. . . . The lusty lack of exalted reverence for Shakespeare shown by the Old Vic players in their romp with *Twelfth Night*, in which Joss Ackland plays a gutsy Sir Toby Belch and John Neville, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is a wondrous-frail, frilled pillar of a man, elegant and lewd. . . . The number of small Beatnik places in Hollywood, and especially the Renaissance Club, where everyone seems young, laughing loudly over such songs as "The Moronic Father and the Idiot Son."

DINA MERRILL

Miss Merrill belongs to the troupe of Hollywood actresses whose leader was Ann Harding: snow princesses all, with blue eyes and vanilla-coloured hair. On the screen, they simmer, but never boil; charm without coyness; and amuse without netting yocks. Miss Merrill and company make prettiness a talent in itself. A hyper-energetic young woman, Miss Merrill travels a schedule so tight that she makes appointments for such times as 4:07 P.M. Splitting herself, she is Dina Merrill, film and television actress, Mrs. Stanley Rumbough, Jr., the mother of three children. Recently, she partnered a jewel thief—for the film *Catch Me If You Can*, in which she twines her precise pronunciation with the sliding Spanish voice of Gilbert Roland. In her newest, but not yet made, *Don't Give Up the Ship*, she will rest the audience from the crazy-nuts funnies of Jerry Lewis. Here, Miss Merrill wears a dress from the collection Estévez designed for her to look like a snow-princess in *Catch Me*—pink silk, sizzling on a cool beauty; about \$65 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *I Want to Live!*, a relentless murder movie that leaves one an authority on mixing cyanide, drop by drop, for gas chamber extinction; against ironic jazz, Susan Hayward plays in spasms of saucy, dumb rhythm, finally terrified, usually not knowing the implication of what she is saying—guilt. . . . The book, *Flemish Painting: From Bosch to Rubens*, a bursting sheaf of four-colour paintings, particularly those by Bosch, Brueghel, and Rubens, all inventive, all swirling with raw vitality; it is much better to look at the extraordinary illustrations than to read the text, which has the texture of Cream of Wheat.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Fanny Brice Story*, a record by Kaye Ballard, who sings the old famous songs pleasantly but without the belting fun of the Brice genius. . . . The new Romain Gary book, *Lady L*, surface bright but as bitter inside as a peach pit—this pastime novel, measured to an aged and recognizable pattern, is the story of a romantic, implacable woman in love with an anarchist, an eloquent thief-killer who is a "selfish, egotistical, self-indulgent man who loved nothing but humanity". . . . The skill of George Grizzard in the play, *The Disenchanted*, where with only a few emotions to display—adoration, anger, and disgust—he serves as a backstop wall against which Jason Robards, Jr., as the novelist bounces his charmless drunkenness, his retreat to a nostalgia for the twenties, when drink, genius, and compulsion towards destruction must have made him even less attractive than in this play by Schulberg and Breit.



François Mauriac, *above*, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1952 and just awarded, by Premier De Gaulle, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, is one of the most powerful and prickly writers in France. A thin-faced man whose dark, pouched eyes have the steely penetration of his wit, Mauriac tingles to the theatre, to music, and especially to politics, as intensely as he shivers to the sin that stains the characters in his great novels. "The combination of sensuality with religious feeling," Donat O'Donnell wrote in his book, *Maria Cross*, "is at the centre of Mauriac's peculiar greatness: if it had been possible to eliminate it . . . the magnificent works of his maturity from *Le Baiser au Lépreux* to *Le Noeud de Vipères* would never have been written." In his "Bloc-notes," an argumentative collection of articles now in a book, Mauriac dissects his response to disparate stimuli. When the response is unfavourable (often), he delivers it in a style that has the shine and sharpness of new barbed wire. Mauriac is not squeamish about drawing blood.

Jean Giono, like Colette, his predecessor in the Académie Goncourt, is a writer intoxicated by sensory perceptions. A pale-eyed, pale-haired man of politeness and punctilio, Giono has weathered most of his sixty-three years at Manosque in Provence—a land rocky, sunburned, cooled by enfilades of olive trees and cypresses. "Look," he once said, "I can throw my match exactly where I want. I am free. Where would I be as much so?" Giono's characters are free too. Sainly or murderous, his peasants joy in living: the adulterers in *The Baker's Wife*, the film based on his *Jean le Bleu*, never know moral indigestion; the widowed, childless shepherd in one of two Giono pieces published in *Vogue*, forests a desert. Giono has now sieved from his prose the exuberant lyricism of his early novels, but his 1951 novel, *Horseman on the Roof*, still shows his delight in what he sees, smells, hears.



RAWLINGS



Three meals a day for 116 men from this six by ten foot galley.



Captain Richard B. Laning, *left*, in compact wardroom that is living-dining room and office for ten officers. With the Capt., Lt. Comdr. Robert E. Crispin and Lt. (j.g.) John D'Aloia, Jr. Note: books behind wall grille.

Right: Supper—meat loaf, three vegetables, salad, and rolls that are baked on ship at 2:00 A.M.



Only nuclear submarines have stairways between the decks.



GENERAL DYNAMICS



A MASTERPIECE OF SPACE PLANNING:

The Seawolf,

ATOMIC SUBMARINE

BY ALLENE TALMEY

The atomic submarine, the *Seawolf*, looking like a black whale, snub-nosed, mouth smiling, rested at the Submarine Base in the grey New London harbour. At its bow rode the enormous submarine supply tender, "Ma Fulton." As I walked carefully over the narrow gangplank, one of the officers called out, "Torpedo loading," as the duty party slipped a "fish" down the forward hatch. I went down the wardroom hatch, down a twenty-foot vertical ladder. A pleasant voice over the loud-speaker announced in capitals: "Warning, Lady Visitor Aboard."

This was about ten days after the *Seawolf* returned from her famous prolonged submersion, during which her primary mission had been the testing of new equipment, the development of new tactics, and the making of psychological and physiological experiments. In the process, she had stayed down sixty days, travelled 14,500 nautical miles on atomic energy from her sodium-cooled nuclear reactor, and spent most of that time 200 feet below to get under the sea's turbulence. It was quiet there for this quiet ship. There is no tension; as Captain Richard B. Laning said to me, "Everything we do, we do easily. If things get tough, we react in some sensible way."

Some of the sensible ways are the result of the way the *Seawolf* was designed. She is a masterpiece of space planning. One hundred and sixteen men lived in a reasonably comfortable way within this sealed, hollow tube, about 330 feet in length and about 27 feet in breadth at the widest point. To her hundred and six crew and ten officers, all of whom served at some time on regular or old-fashioned subs, the *Seawolf* has the spaciousness of the Queen Mary. She is bigger than a regular sub, a lieutenant explained, perhaps three feet wider, and he spread his arms as though taking off into the wild blue beneath. (Among her special improvements are bunks for the men who no longer need to sleep between torpedoes.)

This fitted \$60,000,000 pipe uses every wall, counter, shelf, ceiling for some kind of machinery, all labelled, much of it with instructions incised. A long, manned weapon that goes down instead of up, the *Seawolf* has dozens of classified devices (Continued on next page)

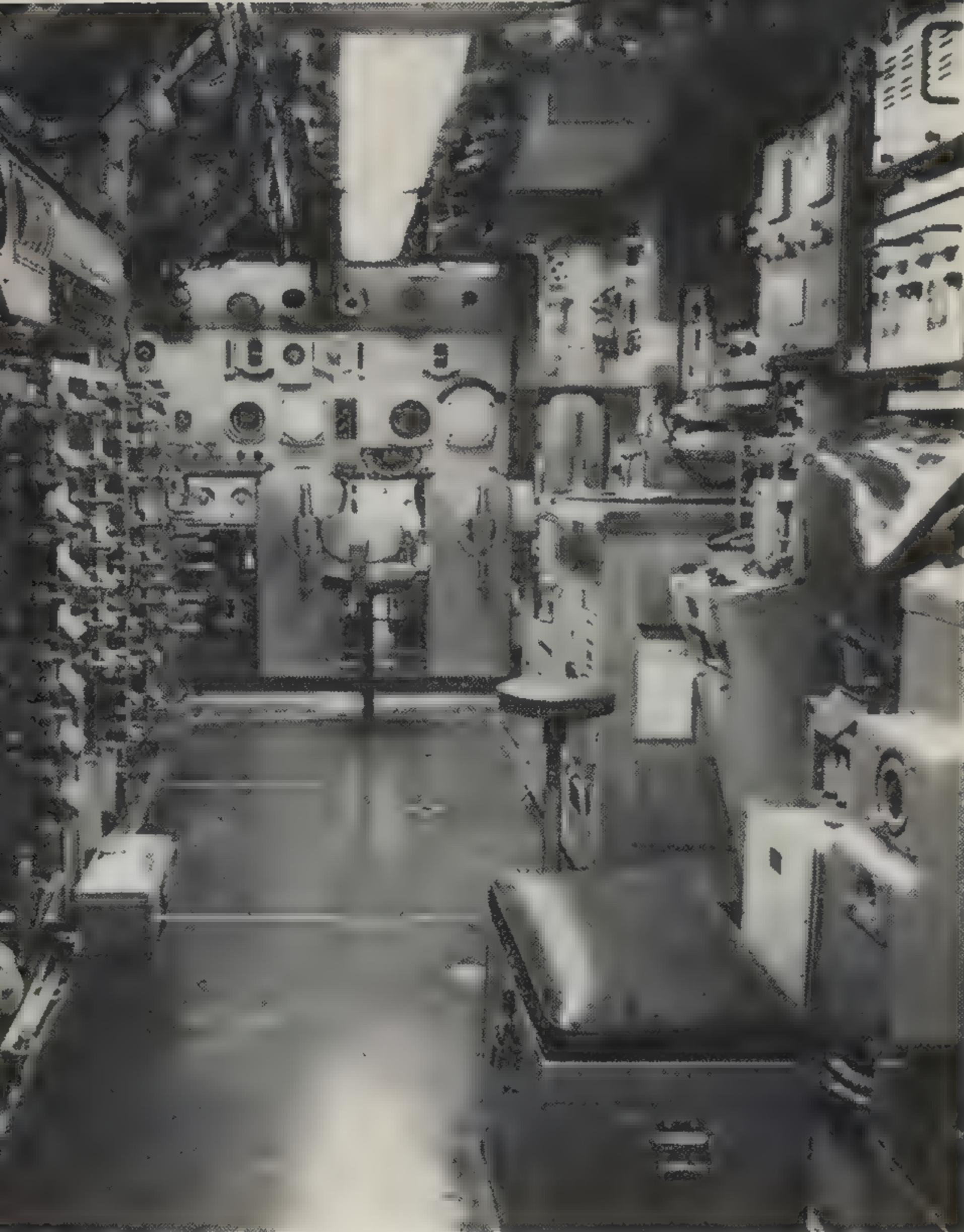
Wardroom hatch; everything that goes in the *Seawolf*, goes through one of five hatches.

In Sub Service, only the nuclear subs have medical officers; here Lt. Comdr. John H. Ebersole.

Seawolf surfaced

The captain's coat

Chief Garlock used Relaxacizor during submerged patrol, pulled in his waist 4 inches.



Brains of the ship—the control room, which looks like a massive fitted suitcase.

Seaman John Donato scrubbing galley floor, below.



The Seawolf

and, to make the men happy aboard, she has food, lots of wonderful food. (The cook crew, for instance, prepares 348 meals a day besides such extras as pizzas after the movies, in a six- by ten-foot galley.)

Notes on space saving, food, hobbies, and tone of the ship.

The inside of the *Seawolf* has a certain beauty. Dark green floors, battleship grey walls, the logical curves and angles of the densely packed machinery, with special spots picked out in red, or yellow, or white on black, long vistas when the watertight doors are open. In places, the ship looks as though the designers had been influenced by the diagrammatic paintings of Mondrian. Everything is foam that can be foam, and covered when possible with orangey or red leather.

No pin-ups—it is not done on the *Seawolf*. There is no rule against pin-ups, just group inhibition.

Captain Laning, a short man with a crew cut, a tense face, a quick wit, and a brilliant, cultivated mind, said, "I run a quiet ship, reasonably taut. The cardinal principle is that each man must preserve the dignity of himself and all the others. Out of this comes: no hoggishness, no lateness on watch, no cliques. The group takes care of itself, and sees that it doesn't make messes for the others. New members quickly pick up the tone of the ship. Since the *Seawolf* was commissioned on March 30, 1957, there have been only two minor disciplinary cases." Sign in mess hall: "If you can't do it, the heck with it."

The wife of Lieutenant Commander John H. Ebersole, the ship's medical officer, suggested that a Relaxacizor might be helpful on board to give the men exercise and help control weight. Two weeks after the Relaxacizor people built a special transistorized machine (6" x 6" x 3"), which looks like Navy issue, thirteen men volunteered to use it, six days a week for a half hour, with two abdominal placements. When Dr. Ebersole checked, he found that the machine provided exercise, not simulated exercise, that blood pressure went up about twenty millimeters, and the pulse rate increased ten, just about what would happen if a healthy man took a brisk twenty-minute walk. Of the thirteen volunteers, one gained weight but lost inches, the rest all lost inches, but helped themselves by cutting down on their food.



Seaman Michael Olson; all laundry done here, right.

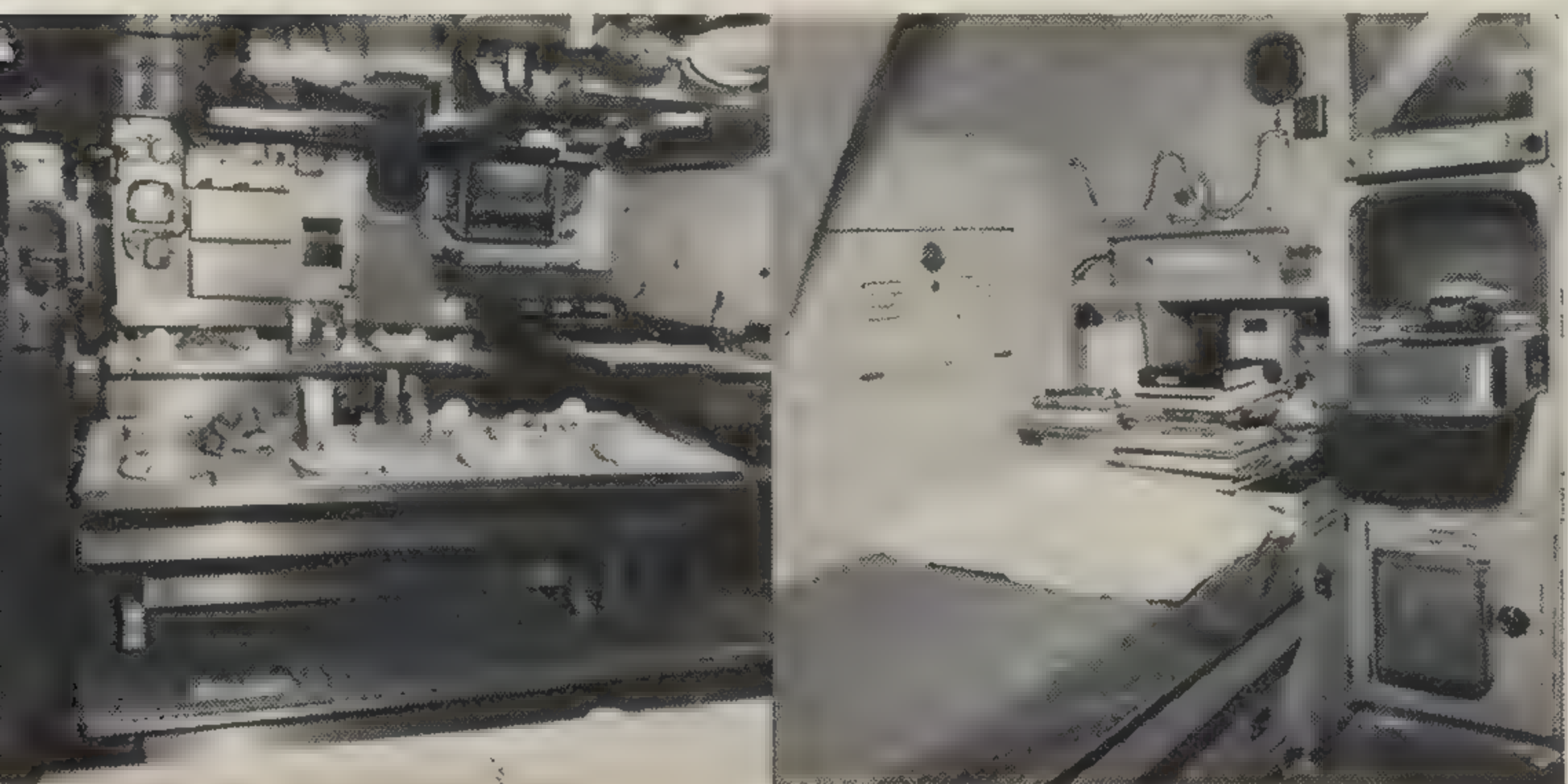


Electrician, first class, Wallace Goodlett, working with leather kit.



Crew bunks, *above*; on regular subs, crew sleeps between the torpedoes.

Below, left: Mess hall, including movie screen, juke box, television, and organ.



Left: Captain's stateroom with almost everything in reach

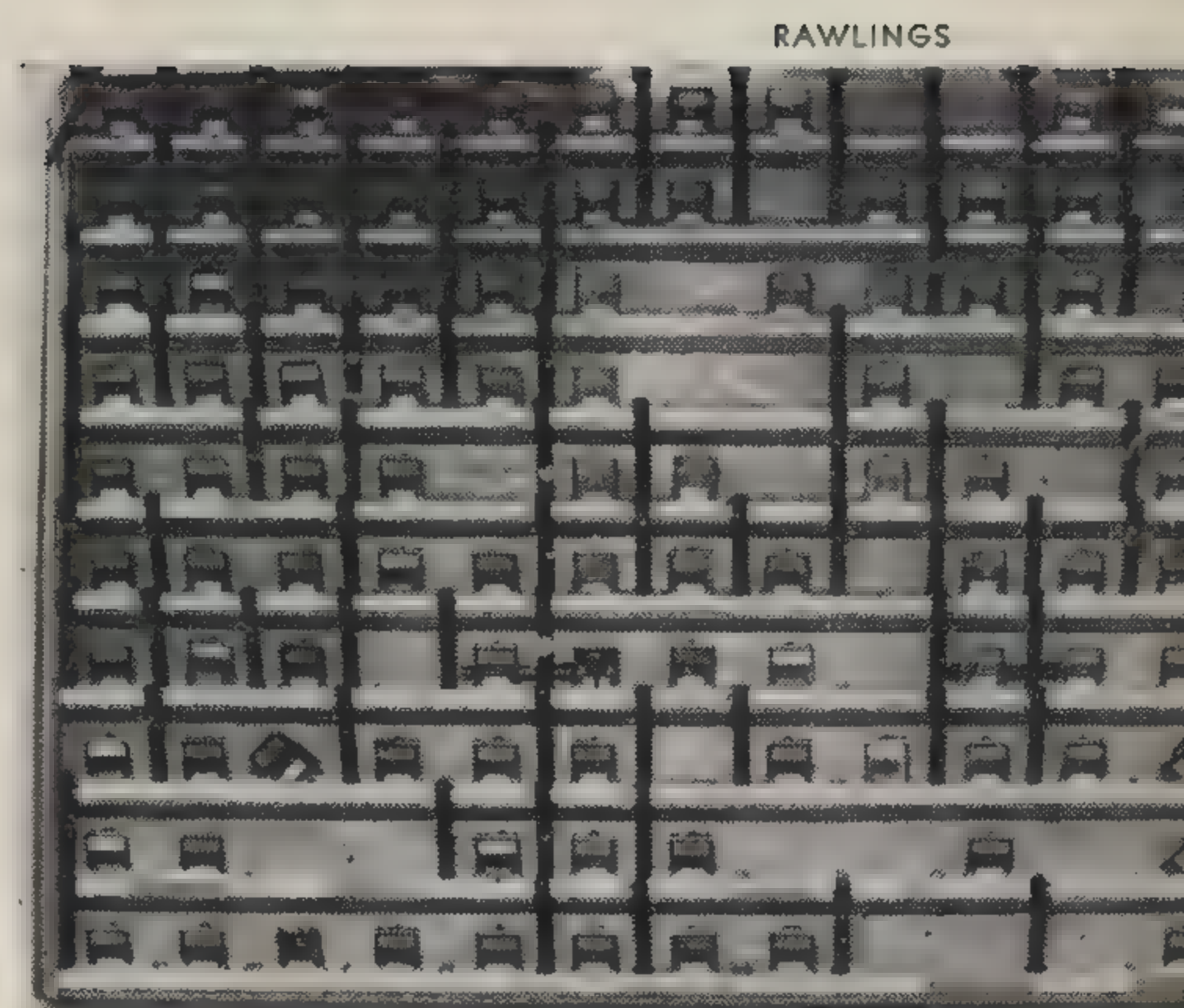
One of the volunteers was Loyd Garlock, Chief Fire Control Technician. (Fire control does not mean controlling fires but firing torpedoes.) When the *Seawolf* went out for sixty days, his waistline measured 38½ inches around. When he returned, he had a 34½ waistline, but he only ate two meals on patrol, breakfast and supper. (Breakfast on the *Seawolf* means fruit juice made from dehydrated juices, cereal, frozen eggs, often blueberry pancakes, toast, cinnamon rolls, glazed doughnuts, and coffee.) Chief Garlock, incidentally, wears beneath the dolphin insignia of the Submarine Service, three stars—each one representing a successful World War II patrol run during which at least 30,000 tons of enemy ships were sunk.

The mess hall is a miracle of planning. In that fifteen by thirty foot room, used as club, pub, for eating and entertainment, there are a large-screen TV, a radio, a phonograph with tape recordings, a wall juke box, a small organ, a movie projection machine, and a screen that rolls up to the ceiling. By a simple operation, the sides of the dining tables let down to become extra seats.

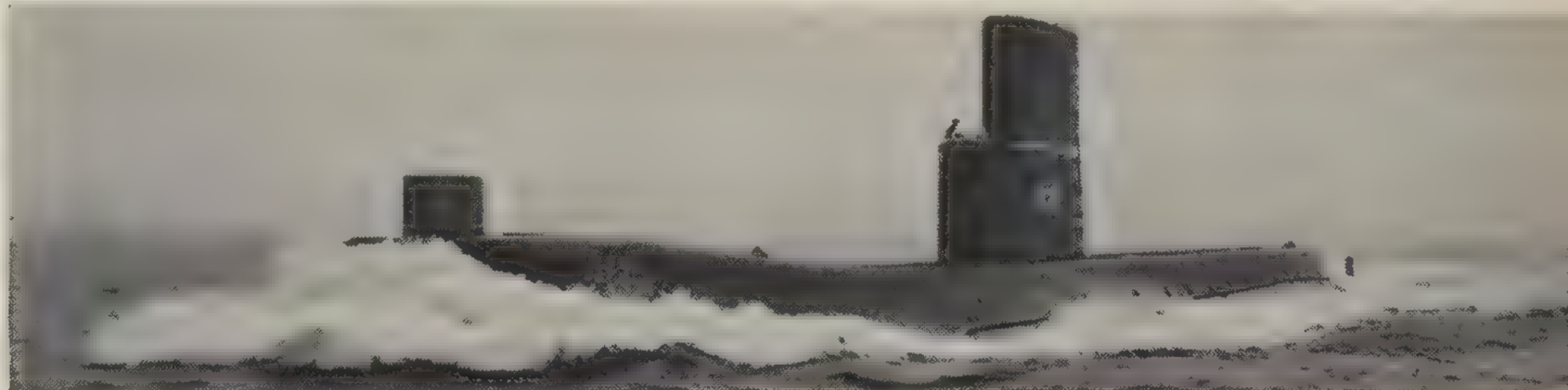
Some of the recipes start with "Take 60 pounds of beef, 2 pounds of fat," or they begin "To 35 pounds of potatoes, add . . ." A supper menu shows chicken-fried steak, Lyonnaise potatoes, seasoned spinach, black-eyed peas with bacon, sliced tomatoes with lettuce salad if in port, but mixed pickles if at sea, and strawberry sundae. (The ice cream is made at sea, the strawberries frozen.)

Since food is more than nourishment at sea, Captain Laning sent two of the young cooks—and nearly everyone is young on the *Seawolf*—to learn cooking trickeries from the master chefs at New York's Hotel Biltmore. On their return, the cooks put in for exotic spices that "Ma Fulton" had never heard of. (The Army, by the way, does most of the buying for the Navy.) A request for sherry for seasoning never got through. No alcohol aboard, except for a bit of medicinal brandy. When the *Seawolf* stayed below thirty-one days, breaking the *Skate's* record, the crew celebrated with a small punch, using dehydrated grapefruit juice and a smell of medicinal brandy.

Crews at sea long for carbonated drinks, (Continued on page 98)



Crew dosimeters, to measure radiation.



"The Professor

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dorothy Van Doren, who likes to think of herself as a country woman, is another of the writing Van Dorens. The wife of the distinguished poet, critic, and professor of English at Columbia University, whose new book is The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren, she is the mother of two teachers, John, an assistant history professor at Brandeis College, and Charles, an English instructor at Columbia. Charles Van Doren, who became known to millions as a winner on the TV program, "Twenty-one," now has a new Sunday afternoon program, "NBC Kaleidoscope." This excerpt is taken from her seventh book, The Professor and I. This book came about because an editor at Appleton-Century-Crofts, in going through some 1952 issues of Vogue, read Mrs. Van Doren's article, "Birds in Their Little Nests," and asked her to write a book about her life. It will be published in February.*

It is no secret to thirty or forty million people that our son Charles was for a time engaged with a television quiz show called "Twenty-One."

It all started, as floods and avalanches so often do, with a small trickle, a pebble rolling down a mountain side. To begin with, the Professor and I did not own a television set; neither, for that matter, did Charlie, although, of course, he is much younger and less old-fashioned than his parents. Nevertheless, around Thanksgiving time we learned that our son would be on a quiz show, testing his information on miscellaneous subjects. He said he might pick up a couple of hundred dollars, which sounded nice. Otherwise we did not take it seriously except as a possible interruption of his regular work. We didn't see the first program nor the second. After that friends began to call us up and we went around the neighbourhood, in our Connecticut country town, watching Charlie's struggles.

By Christmas the winning take, if he should actually win it, had run up into the thousands. The Professor began to balk at seeing the show. "My heart beats too fast," he said. "I might die or something." Nevertheless, we usually did watch. And with a large segment of America we fidgeted and bit our nails and heaved sighs of relief and shouted the right answer when we knew it, which was much less often than Charlie did. It became evident that he was altogether likely, no matter how much he lost, to win far more than the two hundred dollars he had hoped for. At Christmas, being a generous fellow, he bought a complete second round of presents for us all on the strength of his new prospects. After Christmas, however, Charlie seriously advised his father not to listen to the show

any more. "I mean it, Dad," he said. "You might make yourself sick and it isn't worth it."

"Maybe I won't," said his father. And the next week he did not, but I went alone and, with the doctor's wife, watched the amazing total mount. I am not sure that the Professor was saved any suspense. When I got home, I couldn't tell him the result fast enough to suit him.

It was about the middle of January that the real crisis came. The game was a tie, the point score had gone up to two thousand dollars. Charlie's paper winnings were forty-six thousand, five hundred dollars. Whenever I went to the village to shop, or to the Women's Society to sew, or to the garage for gas, whenever I met a friend and neighbour, in short, the sole topic of conversation was Charlie.

"I can not listen anymore," my husband said. In this he agreed with John, our younger son, who has a small TV set but never saw his brother's show—couldn't bear it. Mira, his wife, would look, gasp, cover her face, and run to the next room to John to report progress. Charlie was really keeping us in a stew. At this point I decided I could not listen either.

When Monday night rolled around—and it seemed to come oftener than once a week—the doctor's wife invited me to come again, but I begged off. I stayed home, pretending to read a mystery novel. "Call and tell us what happens," I told her, and she promised.

When the hour actually struck, I simply sat with the book in my hand. The Professor sat in his favourite rocker opposite me. Neither of us said anything. The clock ticked very loudly, the fire crackled, Walter jumped on the Professor's lap, Blackie on mine, as if even the cats knew that something portentous was happening. At nine-twenty I said: "It's silly, really. We're acting as if—I was going to say as if it were real money, and I suppose it is—I mean as if it were really important. It isn't, is it?"

"Certainly not!" said the Professor, getting up suddenly and spilling Walter to the floor. Walter looked indignant, as well he might, since the Professor as a rule treats him with respectful courtesy. "Certainly it isn't important." His voice was louder than usual. He left the room. I did not ask him where he was going.

Nine-thirty. The show, whatever had happened, was over. Now we had to wait for the results. The clock ticked even more loudly. The Professor came back and stood by my chair, some fifteen feet from the telephone. A minute passed and another. Maybe it was so awful they wouldn't tell us; maybe he had lost it all—it was possible. He'd be disappointed, of

BY DOROTHY VAN DOREN

and I"

course. He hated to lose anything—and so publicly, too. Not like losing a hand at poker in a game with your family, but losing a hand at poker in Madison Square Garden under klieg lights.

At nine-thirty-six the telephone rang.

"You answer it," said the Professor.

"I will not! I absolutely will not," I said with considerable heat. "Go on—you've got to. You're the man—men have to do brave things." Another ring.

"You won't?" he said in some surprise. I always answer the phone when told, since he hates to do so.

"They'll think we're not here or have fallen in a fit or are speechless," I told him.

"I am speechless," said my husband, picking up the receiver.

I couldn't, of course, hear the other end of the conversation. I heard the Professor say, "I don't know," and then, "Well, I'll be damned!" By that I guessed that the news could not be all bad. He finally said thank you and hung up.

"What?" I said.

It had not been the doctor's wife who called but the doctor himself. My husband related the conversation. "'Are you in need of medical attention?' he asked. 'I don't know,' I said. 'Am I?' 'Ninety-nine thousand dollars,' he told me. Seems Charlie broke the tie—twenty-five hundred a point it was finally, and answered both questions correctly. Something about airplanes, I couldn't really take it in."

"Well!" I said. I couldn't take it in either. We looked at each other and grinned. "It is silly, though, isn't it?" The Professor nodded.

*A*t that moment the telephone rang again and kept on ringing—friends from Chicago, my cousin from New York, neighbours in Connecticut, calling to congratulate us. We called John in Cambridge, but Mira's mother had already called them from New York. At about midnight Charlie himself called. He had been busy with the press, people were calling, he was at the apartment of his friend Geraldine [whom he later married] to avoid the telephone which rang constantly at his own. I don't know what we said to him; I don't know what he said to us. But finally his father said, "You know we didn't listen. Just couldn't. But you were wonderful."

Later on, after we had gone back to New York—we live in New York only four months now, since the Professor is half retired and teaches only the spring term—there was a mountain of correspondence, clippings from all over the world including South Africa and Australia, photographers,

reporters, half a dozen crazy people, a few hundred people who wanted money, and many, many thousands who merely wanted to express their admiration and affection. Charlie turned out to have that mysterious chemical attraction which inspires multitudes. Second graders wrote, "We love you," in block capitals. Grandmothers sent pictures of their granddaughters, lawyers wanted to advise him about his income tax, girls sent their telephone numbers and their bust measurements, people in the subway wanted to shake his hand.

Now that the fireworks are over, the Professor and I have a television set in our country library. It happened like this: Charlie was asked to make a speech at a lunch in Boston. In the course of the speech he said he had no television set, ha, ha. He dined with his brother and sister-in-law and took the train home. When he got to his walk-up apartment about midnight, the woman who lived downstairs came out into the hall. "You weren't home," she said, "so they left it with me." They had, indeed. It was a very heavy television set, compliments of the manufacturer. No longer could Charlie say he was without TV.

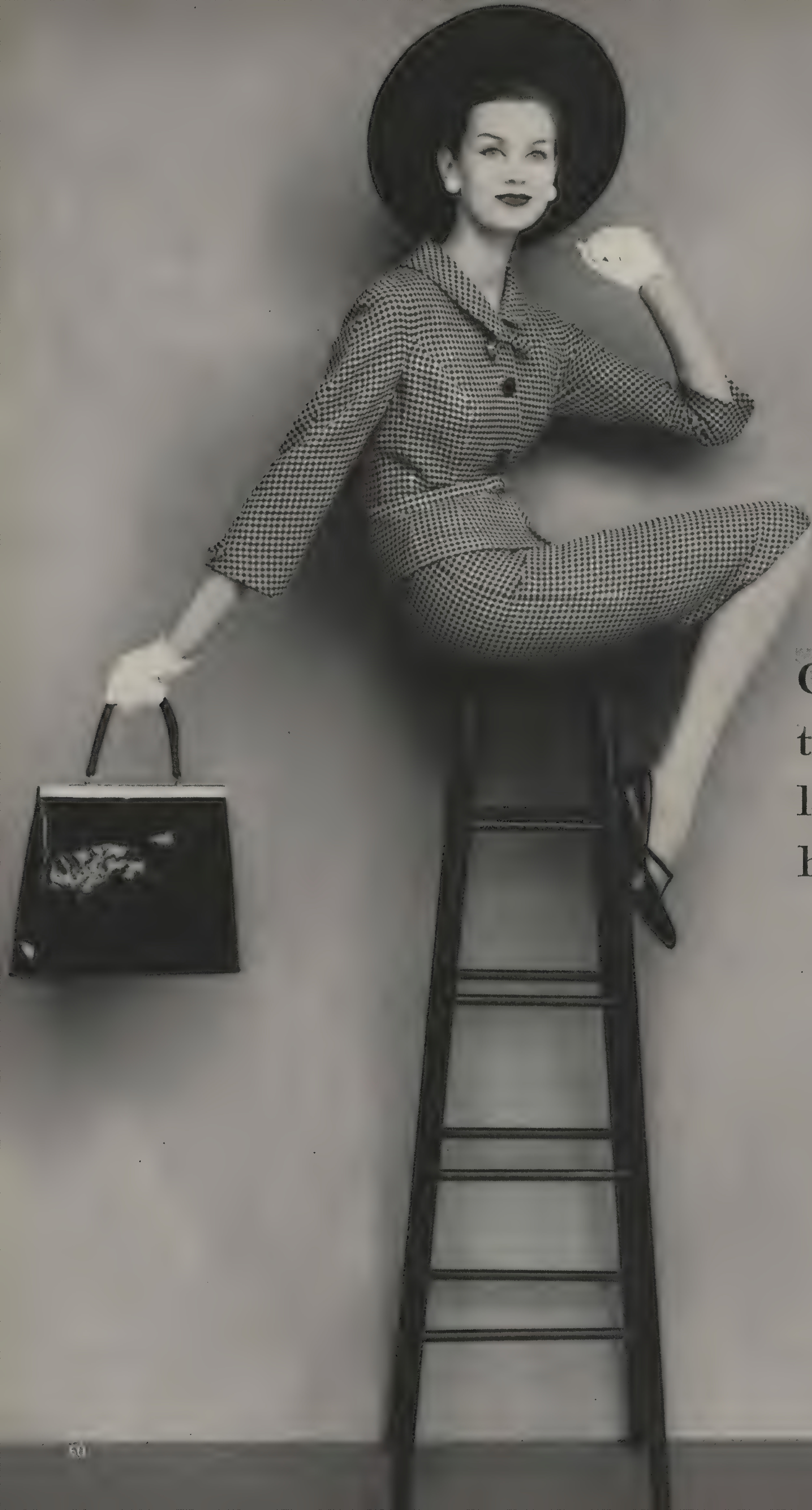
When he left the quiz show at last, he was given another set by a sponsor happy at his new Trendex rating. This was a colour set. "I certainly can't use two," Charlie said, "so why don't I send the other one up to Connecticut? You and Papa could look at it now and then."

The set came, it was installed, with an aerial in one of the big maple trees by the house. "I won't have an aerial on that roof," the Professor said—that roof had been first put on around the time George Washington died without having ever heard of wireless communication.


At first we looked now and then, occasionally at news but we think news by radio is better (though not as good as by newspaper); indeed, we sampled everything except torch songs and rock 'n' roll. We were never snobbishly superior to TV; we simply thought we preferred to read or talk.

But what happened? Why, the Professor has become, in a mild way, an addict. And an addict not for the superior, the egghead type of program, although we catch a few of those, but for mysteries, westerns, crime stories, true stories, and a quiz or two. He is lost. I get myself comfortable on the living-room sofa by the fire with a book, and presently I hear the beginning of the idiot commercial and know it has started again. Sometimes, I watch, too; sometimes I stick to the book. But the Professor is faithful—all too often he is faithful. One evening I could not help but hear an unusual amount of shouting and bawling. When it was over I said, "What on earth was that?"

"Wrestling," he confessed shamefacedly. "I just wanted to see what it was like."



Checks:
their new
life and
habits



Here, checks with a new status, to be worn a new way: as solid colours unconfined to such check-chestnuts as white piqué and patent leather. These suits, for instance--both black and white checks that could take the same course as grey flannel: worn, this year, with touches of screeching yellow, turquoise, or strong cognac.

Left: Checked worsted suit with belted jacket, collar that could give a brilliant scarf a good home. By Handmacher; about \$60 at Altman's; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Sailor by Emme. Jana handbag, Sandler of Boston shoes. Both: Altman's.

Right: Checked wool suit with open, collared neck, a jacket that gets binding in edgewise. By Parnet; about \$110 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's. Shoes by I. Miller. Gloves, on both pages, by Hansen.



1. Pearls--the new pseudos:
recoloured, restrung



2. Handbag jewel

Remaking your accessory ideas

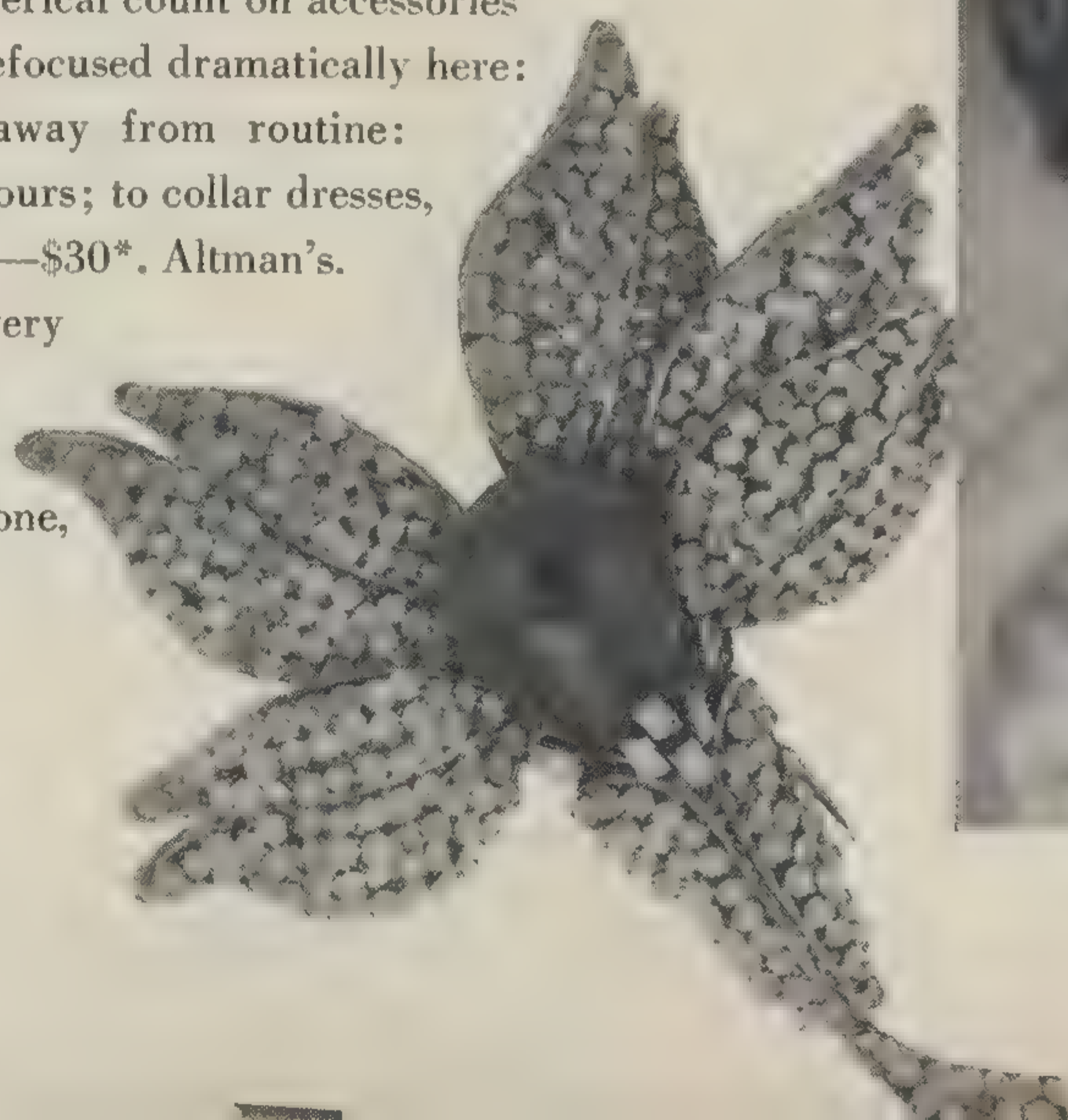
Accessory stocks, like investment portfolios, have to be reviewed periodically. We say "have to be" because it's a wrench—the parting with faithful yards of pearls (apt to tangle with some tall belts now); with the good plain pin that suddenly may seem millimetres too inconclusive; with the negligible bracelets. Negligible, in fact, is the test word; once you can tag an accessory that, a dust-bin's the next logical step. You might, for that matter, forget all the old rules; the replacements are such smashers. There's more colour for one thing, of a new subtle sort. And the staging has changed: fabulous presence—even when it's fake—is bound to demand more of you; do more for you. And while single emphasis is greater, actual numerical count on accessories per look often is down. Seven of the major newsmakers refocused dramatically here:

1. Glamorous close-ups of some "pearls" definitely away from routine: grey and bronze colours, rondelled; good with beiges, colours; to collar dresses, under-collar suits. By Vendôme, 6 strands—not too many—\$30*. Altman's.

2. Evening handbag of stiffened gilt mesh—thin, elegant, very Noel-Coward-heroine. The one handbag that answers every evening question, lives beautifully with all the night colours. By Evans, the clasp a work of rhinestone, "emerald." \$15*. This, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.

3. Fresh flower (it comes from France) of rhinestones; cabochon "emerald" pistil. To be worn, probably, solo—the one blaze to alternate with necklaces for theatre suits; with black. Pin, \$59*. Lilly Daché Boutique.

3. New cult:
king pins



4. Soleil pin keeping half of itself a secret (right)—the news in frankly fabulous pins is a new, frankly furtive jewel site. This, shown life-size, has a splendour of colours—sapphire-, turquoise-, rhinestone-colour—laid in gilt with a sunray glow. By Nettie Rosenstein. \$40*. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

5. Two sets of colourful earrings that plan on working with all the new colour in wardrobes now. Below left, gilt buttons are covered with caviar-beads of turquoise colour—and the caviar principle works here: just this touch of jewellery, and almost any shade of dress (apricot, yellow, pepper-green) takes fire. By Marcel Boucher, pair \$15*. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Right, earring news in blue again—bogus-sapphire centres in baked “gold”; and we can’t think of a fashion situation where sapphires wouldn’t be fascinating. We’ve seen some tweed suits that earrings like these would be the makings-of. And some blue-eyed women. By Nettie Rosenstein, \$23* the pair. At Bonwit Teller.

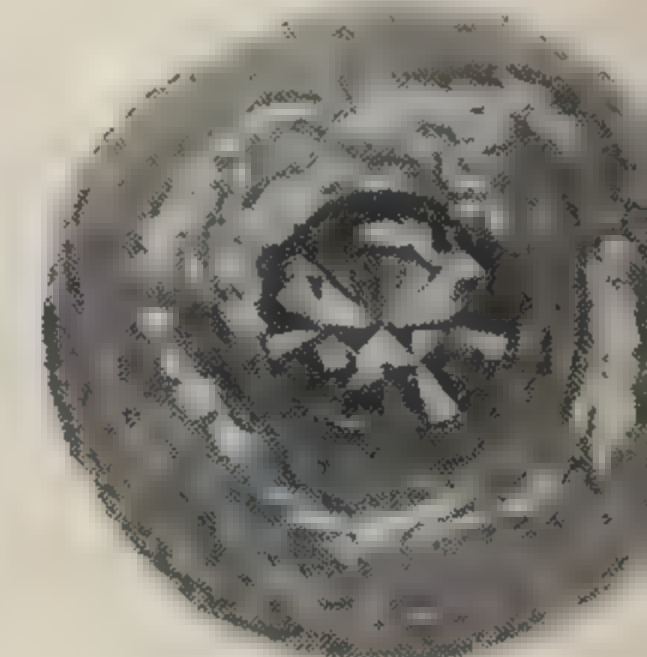
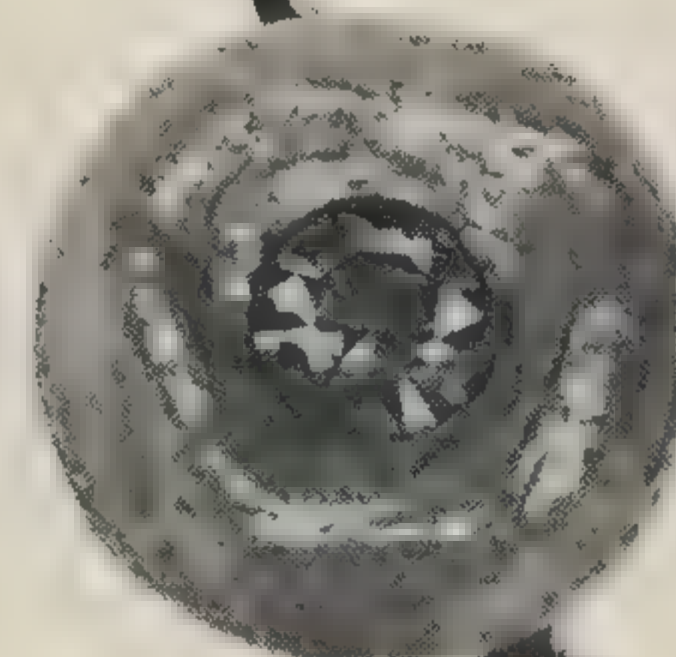
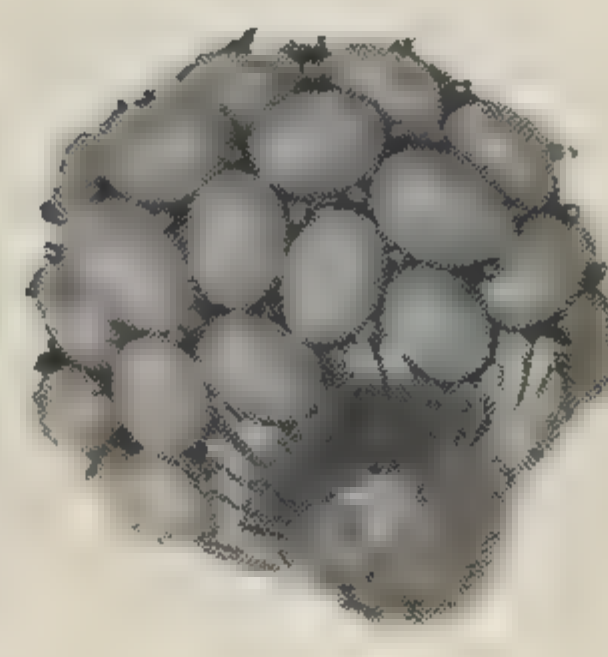
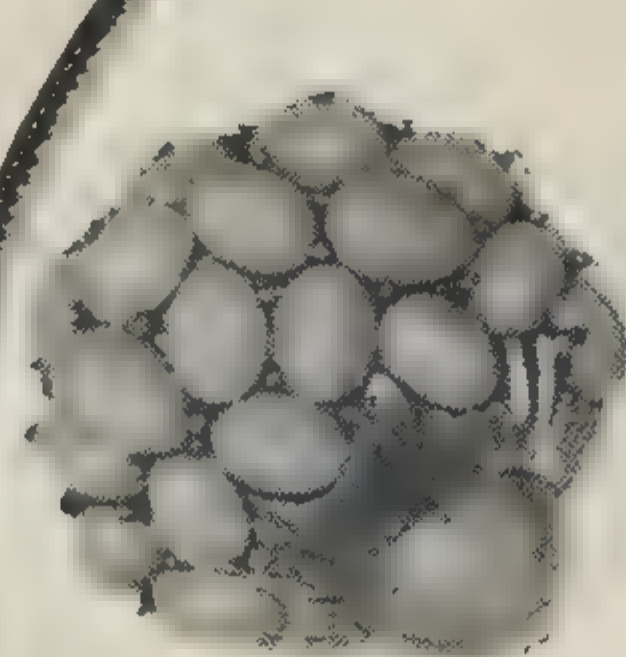
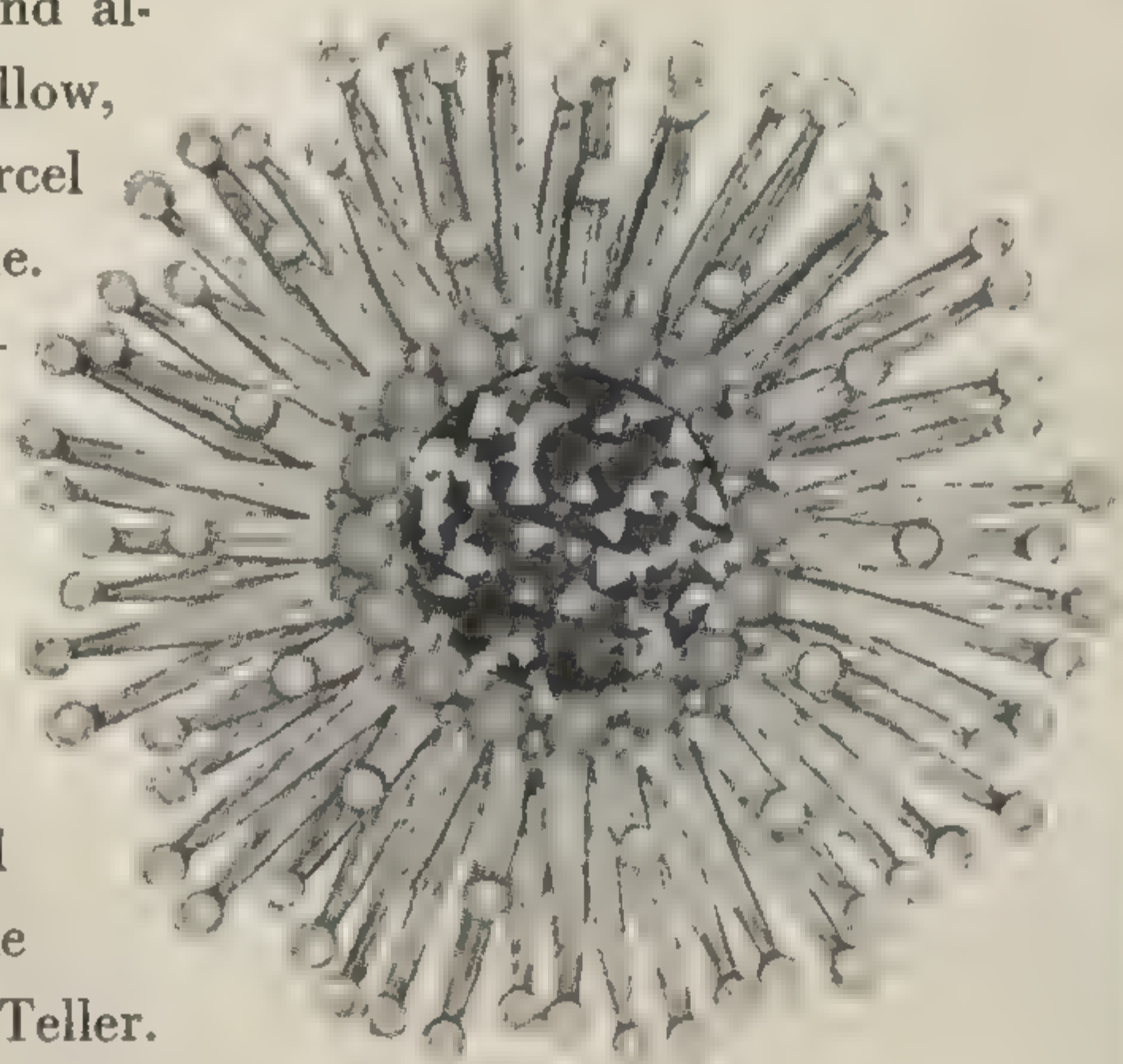
6. Bangles. The point is? They’re the same, but different. Both have pearly-rope effects, one studded with pale- and dark-blue stones, the other with turquoise and aqua. A serious-jewel look with a price to take very lightly—\$13* each. By Miriam Haskell. Saks Fifth Avenue.

7. Remaking your ideas about the when of fur: a spring and summer handbag of black and white pony skin with the knack of putting linen dresses and greatcoats in a flattered light. By Milch, patent leather frame. \$49*. Bergdorf Goodman.

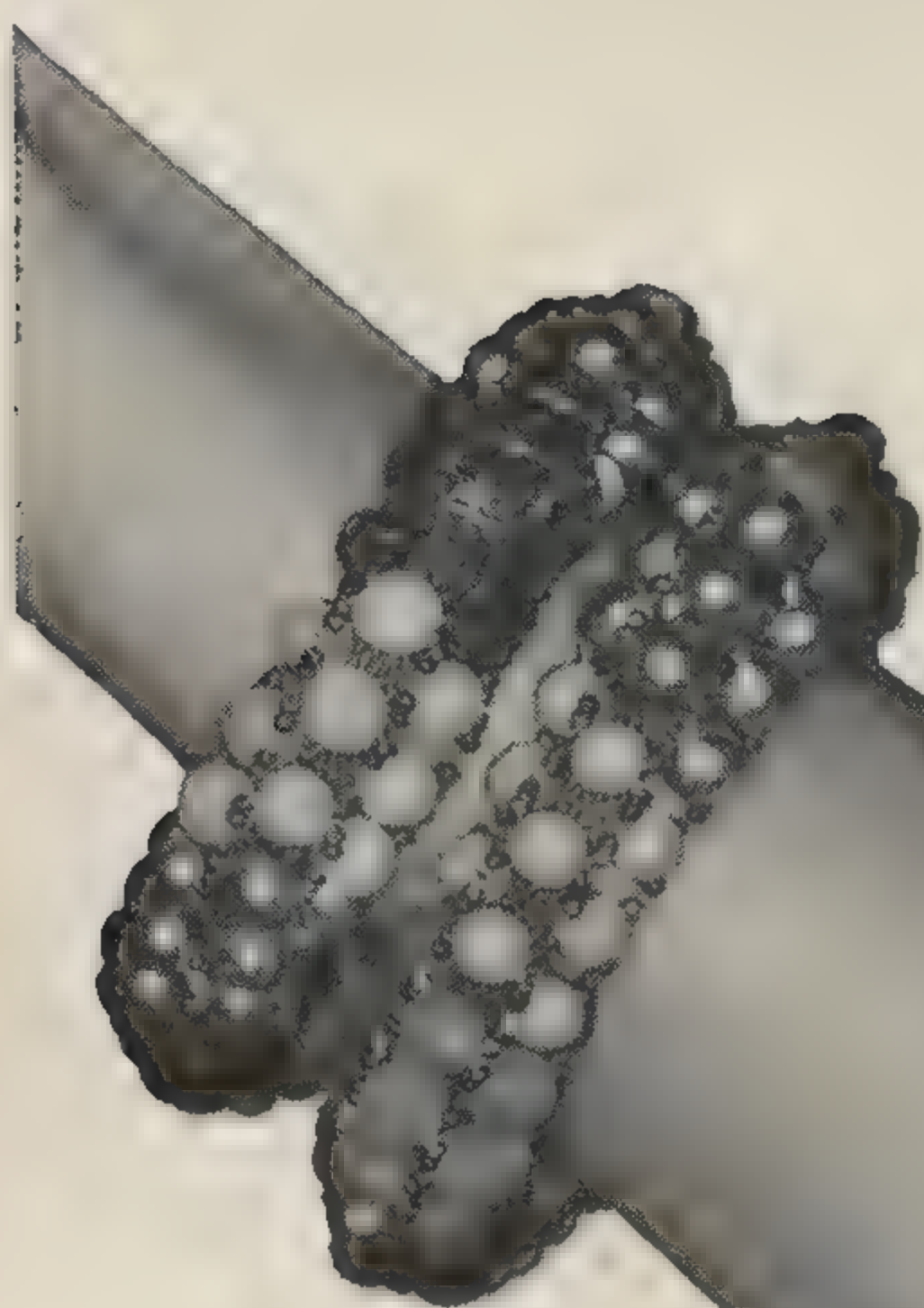
*PLUS TAX



4. Collar play--
frankly furtive pins



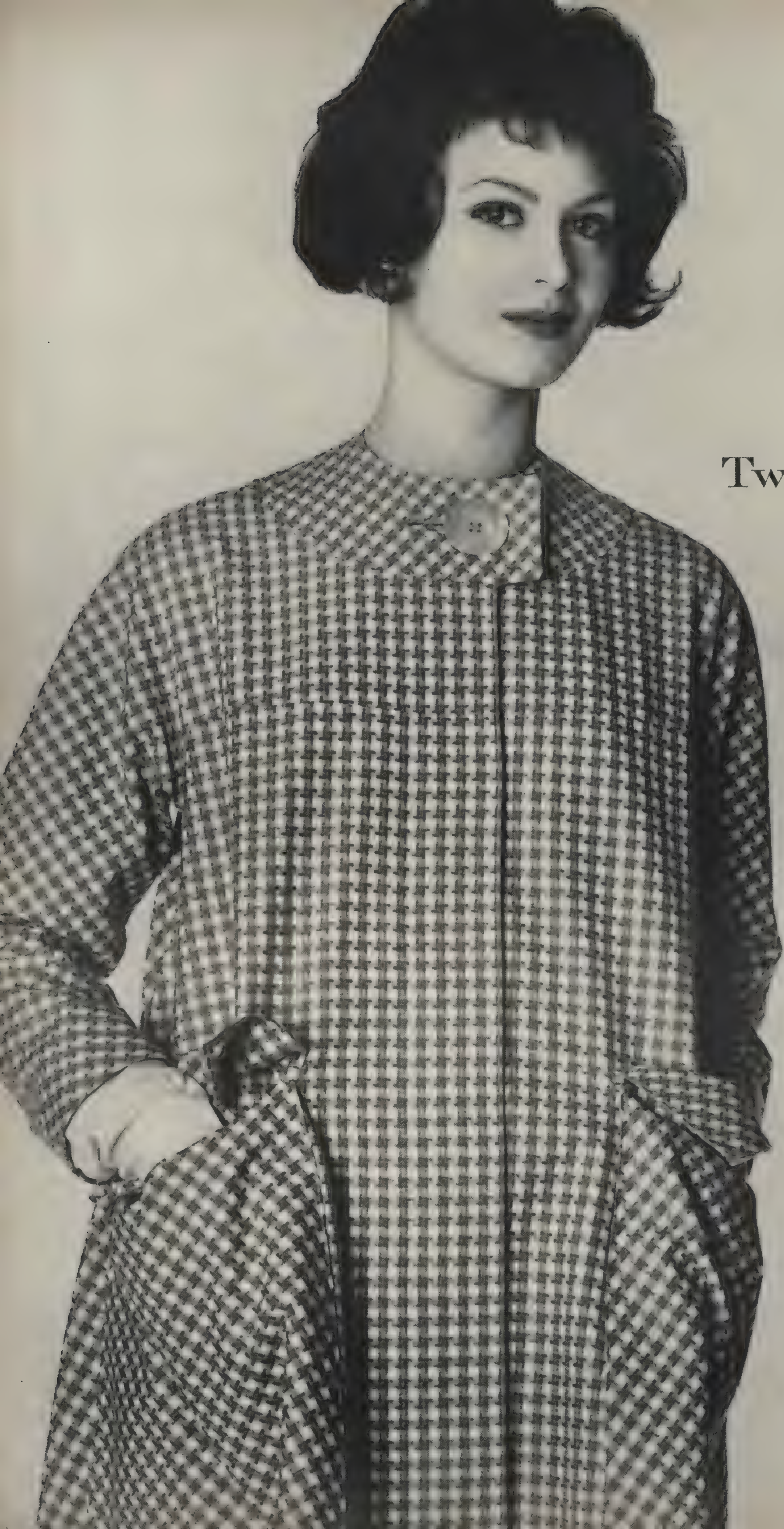
5. Earrings in a “second” colour



6. Domed bangles,
redoubled colours

7. Fur bag--
black and white
redeployed





Two weathers of raincoat

For the south now, on the sun's day off: a warm-weather raincoat of yellow-and-white cotton checks, to wear by day. Its shape is full and tepeed (there's room for a full skirt inside), with an uncollared neck, and vast flapped pockets. By John Weitz, in Galey & Lord fabric. About \$25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.



For northern rain (snow and sleet, please copy): a raincoat of white cotton duck, warmly lined and collared in white pseudo-fur. This goes on after dark, glistens by night. By Main Street of Zelan-processed duck; lining of Orlon: Collins & Aikman. About \$55. Altman's; Hudson's; Joseph Mag-nin. Capeskin gloves by Superb.

18-page sun bulletin

BEAMED FROM THE NEW DORADO BEACH HOTEL IN PUERTO RICO



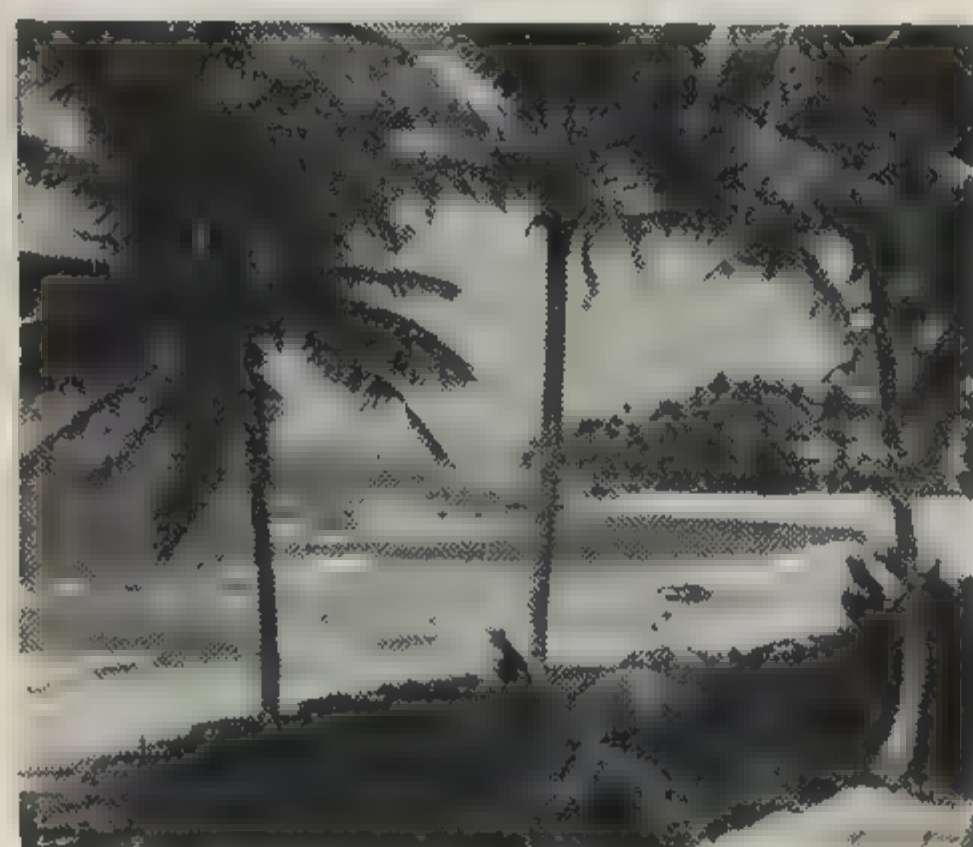
18-holes—
in a golf
surrey.



Remade from original architecture:
the many-arched club house.



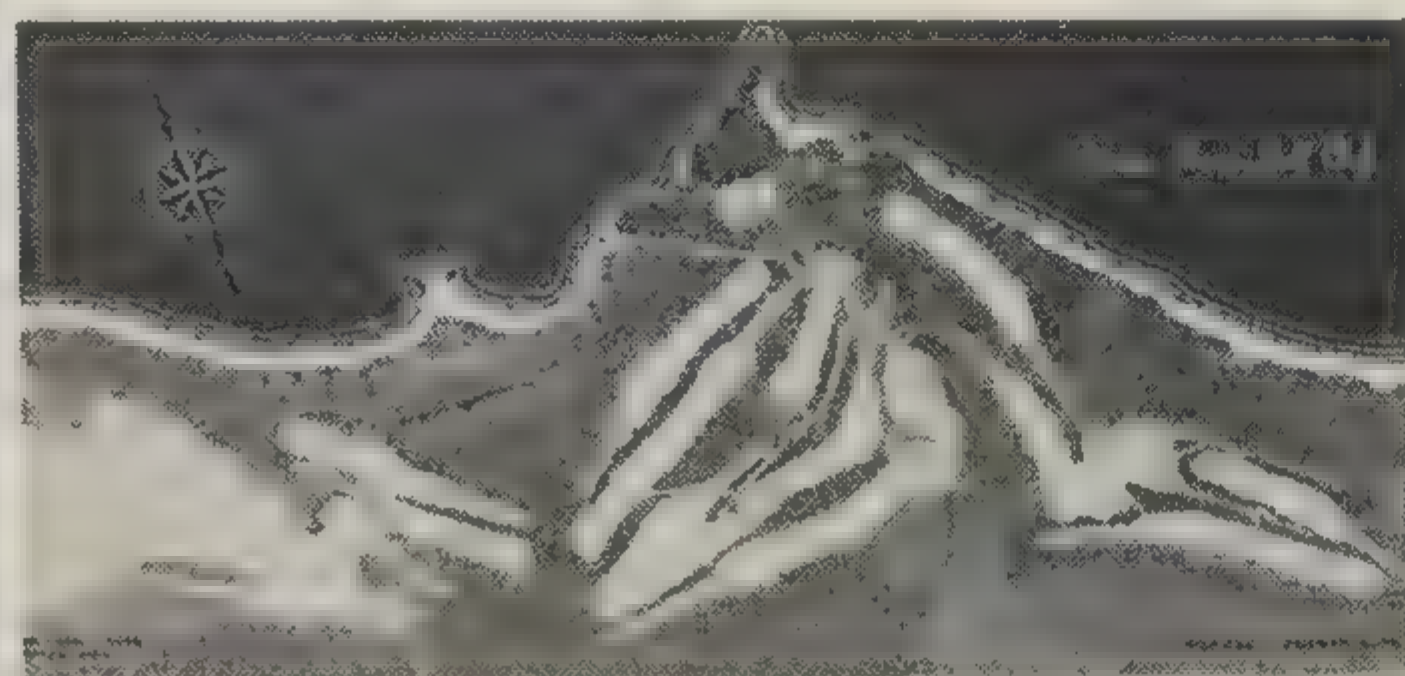
2-storey
beach house;
balconied,
shaded.



Guest view: sands, palms, sea.



Vogue contingent—
arriving by Eastern Airlines.



Dorado aerially—
pointing into the
Atlantic.


Beginning here: summer—new ways to dress for it in 1959 and a new place to enjoy it this January. The place is the weeks-old Dorado Beach Hotel and Golf Club in Puerto Rico, twenty miles out of San Juan and where, in point of fact, summer goes on twelve months a year—in moderation: 77° is the average temperature reading, trade winds the natural cooling system, and the only showers worth mentioning are the ones provided by the management. What rain there is comes, for the most part, in brief flashes and has a convenient way of happening quite late in the afternoon. Among the Hotel-devised conveniences, there are these: an embroidery of double-decker beach houses along the twin crescent beaches that shape Dorado's silhouette. (Rear view from each of the houses: the untouched tangle of island greenery out of which the Dorado was carved.) Besides an 18-hole championship golf course—and, if you like, electric golf-surreys to get around it in—there are three tennis courts of equal professionalism, a children's pool, and one for grownups that's rigged for night-swimming. Even the ocean here seems somewhat guest-directed: calming the area's notably swimmable patch of Atlantic are breaker-breaking reef formations. Actually, this alluringly restful life begins hours before you set foot on Puerto Rico. About four hours if your starting point is Miami. From New York—in the comfort of an Eastern Airlines Golden Falcon—Vogue's editor, photographer, and mannequins made it to San Juan in something like five. After San Juan, the distance to the hotel is a scenic hour or so by car. Or—a no-time approach by shuttle-plane: the Hotel's own Cessna deposited the Vogue contingent on the private Dorado airfield in ten minutes.

Maillot bulletin, right: In exchange for the proper figures (34-24-34 will do nicely), this is what can be expected from the two knitted red maillots here: one of the best beach looks in the world, in a colour that ranks with white and black when it comes to making the most of a sun tan—and news besides. At left, bright red maillot with a criss-cross of straps over the scooped back. Nothing else to it but—naturally—a beautiful figure. By Margaret Pennington, of wool and Helanca nylon yarn; \$30. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Maillot at right, elasticized red wool with a shock of pink running back to front and tied high. By Gernreich-Westwood; about \$25. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Emme hats. Wamsutta towel. Further sun-tan expertise: Revlon's Sun Bath.

DORADO BEACH GOLF CLUB																			
HOLES	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
CHAMPIONSHIP	380	390	405	395	355	405	385	385	430	350	405	385	400	310	360	355	385	300	455
WOMEN'S TEE	555	565	570	570	485	565	565	555	625	525	575	550	570	535	550	550	570	420	700
LADIES TEE	515	545	550	545	425	500	500	525	605	505	550	520	530	515	510	500	510	410	585
PAR MEN'S	3	4	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	36	4	4	3	3	4	5	4	3	36
PAR LADIES	3	4	4	3	5	4	3	4	5	37	4	4	3	3	4	5	4	3	37
HANDICAP STROKES	5	10	8	11	9	12	17	14	1		6	15	9	13	18	4	16	7	2
SCORES & SIGNATURE																			
U.S.G.A. RUB																			







Sun bulletin: Shaping up here (apart from the wearer at right), this news: beach suits that provide warmth even when the beach doesn't.

Left: Pink soufflé warm-up suit—hooded, zippered, all-of-a-piece. By White Stag; of cotton-mohair-and-nylon; about \$10. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Best's Apparel. Striped cabaña: Bonniers. Bernardo sandals: Lord & Taylor. Non-segmented sun tan in the making this way: elliptical sunglasses, strip-size. By May. *Right:* Sleeves and seaworthiness in empire proportions; knitted cotton suit—white and a rise of black. By Polly Hornburg; about \$23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jenny's; Frederick & Nelson. Lifesaver for coiffures at sea: a braided hairpiece; your own hair slicked under it with pins. The hairpiece by Joseph Fleischer.






Sun bulletin: Only one suit here is swimmable and, as it happens, we've landlocked that one with an enormous black patent leather belt. The point: some of the pleasantest beach time is the time you spend just soaking up sun—and not soaking. *Left:* White flannel bathing suit—one of the first flannels to hit the water. Of Arnel and Avisco rayon; about \$18. Best & Co.; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Elliptical sunglasses: May. The patent leather belt, borrowed from across the page and turned around. *Above:* White cotton beach dress; shape supplied by the wearer and a high striped sash. By Polly Hornburg; a Fuller fabric; about \$28. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Beach dress that could call a tennis court home (three homes to choose from at Dorado). By Jamison; white Arnel sharkskin; about \$25. Roger Van S belt. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Montaldo's.







Sun bulletin: Two dresses, here, in the colours that Dorado Beach is naturally: pale, pale sand; the super-white of white caps breaking in the sun.

Left: The kind of dress that freshens the atmosphere merely by being in it. Sand-pale shirt dress in silk broadcloth with traces of embroidery along the collar and cuffs. By David Goodstein; about \$70. From Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.

Right: White to the tide line is the idea here—and never better in fashion than right now. Another: the look of linen shaped with a breath of air between dress and wearer. By B.H. Wragge, of Moygashel linen; about \$50. This and the white Bernardo sandals: Bonwit Teller. Dress also: Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Uncle Sam umbrella. Adding to the air of composure: real-life coiffures under the management of fake ones. By Joseph Fleischer.



Sun bulletin: For the woman who's been feeling the need of a little leeway in beach fashions, this largesse—the news of a three-silhouette bathing suit season.

Left: Skirted suit—without apologies. Skirting problems is something it does only as a sideline; there isn't a younger look afloat. By Cole of California in Arnel jersey—pinks and oranges, sashed. \$25. At Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson.

Above: Like fine wine, the maillot seems to improve year by year. (Possible explanation: women's figures are doing the same.) This, knitted cotton plaid—red out ahead. By Brigance of Sportsmaker; about \$30. At Altman's.


Right: Comeback suit of the year, the one that comes in two parts. (This, in fact, comes in three—there's a slip-cover top not shown here.) By Brigance of Sportsmaker in blue-and-white cotton (a Hope Skillman fabric); about \$30. Suit, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel.





Sun bulletin: Navy blue and white's the plan on these two pages—and for sheer freshness and zip, there's never been a formula in fashion to top it. *Left:* Navy-blue postage-stamp jacket built—part of the way—along the lines of the dress it comes with—fairly close to the waist. Sleeved and wide-pleated white dress in grainy Maxwell silk; the jacket, of Hockanum wool flannel. Costume, by Herbert Sondheim; together, about \$185. From Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin. *Right:* Navy-blue cashmere ruled with white, worn over a thread of a dress in Arnel sharkskin. By Vera Stewart; about \$145. This, and the Milch bag: Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages: Hansen gloves, at Bonwit Teller; Sally Victor hats. Background here, one of the loftier conveniences provided by the Dorado Beach Hotel: a Cessna shuttle that plies the San Juan-to-Dorado run in a matter of minutes—ten, if you're really counting.





Sun bulletin with colour notes

Poster-painted here, a sampling of colours going south this season, coming north later—toned down versions of the winter's brilliants. *Left:* Narrow dress of violet linen, the colour more strong than shy (in progress now, a self-confidence course for violets). With it, a kidskin belt; hat appliquéd in flowers. By Herbert Sondheim, of Irish linen; \$90. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat: Emme. *Above:* Dress and jacket of linen damask, in a coral concentrate. The dress, slim, high-necked; the jacket bow-tied. By Branell, of York Street Irish linen; \$145 at Best & Co. Hat: Lilly Daché.

Left: A dress that might go out any hour under the sun, in played-up lettuce green linen. Princesse shaped at the waist, with a V neckline, skirt with two unpressed pleats. Above it, a wide red straw hat, appliquéd in flowers. By Brigrance of Sportsmaker, of Alcé Irish linen; \$55 at Bonwit Teller. Hat by Emme. *Above:* Yellows, incorporated. A full-length mechanic's coat and narrow skirt, both marigold textured silk. Third part: a canary yellow shirt of lighter-weight silk pongee. Costume by Gernreich-Bass; shirt, \$30; skirt, \$40; and coat, \$110. All these are at Henri Bendel.



Left: A slender silk shift in a heavenly shade—the idealized blue of skies in coloured snapshots. Diversions here: a fichu across the shoulders, a decorative column of buttons. Playing up to blue, a bright violet leghorn hat, sashed in violet chiffon. Dress by Branell, of Onondaga textured silk; \$110. Dress, and the Sally V hat: Best & Co. *Above:* Fruit-salad colours, combined in linen. The dress has a high-rising skirt of apricot, a short attached bodice of banana yellow, a belt of olive green linen. Over this, an apricot jacket. By Hannah Troy, of Moygashel linen; \$110. Bergdorf Goodman.

Left: Dress of soft slubbed silk, candied mauve. Little-girliness: a high neck, narrow shoulders, high fringed sash. By Jane Derby, of Couleur silk; \$125 at Bonwit Teller. *Above.* A tangy colour and a talcum-soft fabric—both in this bright green silk pongee dress, with loose collar, drawstring waist. By Dynasty; \$45 from Lord & Taylor. *Right:* Shirtwaist dress of a pale, peach-coloured textured silk, to play up or down with different scarfs, gloves, jewellery. Above its waist, a narrow shape-making tied belt. Dress, by Larry Aldrich, of William Rose silk; \$90. From Bergdorf Goodman.

Dayman



Sun bulletin: Green is the name of the slipstream charm on these two pages—a cool, crisp, salad green that slices across soft-climate colour news as cleanly as a fan blade across summer air. Among the salad greens that a forward-thinking woman might start collecting now—start packing now if there's merely a plane ticket between herself and summer—these . . .

Opposite: In the shade of a Dorado palm, a dress that could give air-conditioning a dash for its money. Halter straps drawn through a low-ish neckline are where it makes its only serious stop on the figure. After that—a non-rippling stream of Irish linen. By Sportwhirl; about \$14. Bernardo sandals. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also: Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. *Below, left:* Salad green slip cover for a bathing suit—a swing of cotton tied high at front. By Tina Leser for Gabar; about \$16. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Circling above it: a beach hat with beach-umbrella ambitions. This, from John Fredericks.

Below, centre: Green straight from the shoulder, followed by straight white. Sweater of Orlon; about \$10. The pants, in Wellington Sears cotton cord; about \$7. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. *Below, right:* Some day, some summer, there might be a situation that couldn't be solved by a look like this. Frankly, we doubt it. Silk suit, containing the news of green and the yield-to-none freshness of a little waist-length white silk blouse. Unfitted cardigan jacket, about \$19. Sleeveless blouse, about \$10. Straight skirt, about \$23. All three parts, by Custom Craft, in A. P. Silk. All, at Gunther Jaeckel; L. S. Ayres.



Dayman



Solar notes on town dressing

Two tonic towny looks to wear in the sub-tropics now, north later on. *Above:* As right as a rainless holiday, this two-toned pink linen shirt dress with its soft, relaxed skirt, notched collar, and long French-cuffed sleeves. Making a difference here—the addition of a tall crushed linen belt. By Georgia Bullock, in Moygashel linen. \$70 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers; Neiman-Marcus. Linen belt and the Marvella jewellery: Saks Fifth Avenue. Rattan basket chair: Luten-Clarey-Stern. *Opposite:* Another urbanized sun classic—a softly-pleated white silk surah dress with a thinly-etched red print, tunnel loops making way for its red belt. About \$90. Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson's; Sakowitz.



Sailing clothes — on the right tack

Now, 37,000,000 Americans sail, in a total of 7,330,000 boats, wind-powered or power-powered—facts we're reminded of by the opening of the biggest U. S. boat show, at New York's Coliseum, on January 15th. For the women on board, Vogue has rounded up the sailing clothes here—ten basic, handsome seagoing costumes.

1. Nice to have ashore, too—a sleeveless overblouse (\$18), crisply-pleated skirt (\$23); both, white Arnel sharkskin. By Ellen Brooke.

2. With them: trim navy-blue worsted jersey yachting jacket, lined in red-white-and-blue striped silk surah. By Ellen Brooke; \$60.

3. Navy-blue knitted Orlon sweater, hooded, with hand-warmer pockets; by Shelley. \$15.

4. Knitted cotton T-shirt, striped in red, white, blue; by Geist & Geist. \$9.

White surfer pants of real Wellington Sears sailcloth. By White Stag; \$6.

5. Blue-and-white striped cotton poplin halter (Cone fabric); \$5.50. White cotton chino shorts, reinforced at the back (Galey & Lord fabric); \$9. Both, by Florence Walsh.

6. Red knitted cotton jersey T-shirt (\$3), long enough to tuck cleanly into the navy-blue cotton shorts (\$3). Both, by Jantzen.

7. Handsome pull-over of white merino wool, piped in blue; \$13. By Colebrook.

White ribbed cotton jersey ascot, \$7. By Ascots Unlimited.

8. Foul-weather gear in the traditional yellow (high visibility). Hooded parka, drawstring trousers, of waterproofed cotton. \$19. By Hodgman Rubber Company.

9. White Swiss cotton piqué bathing suit, orange and yellow tie belt. By Caltex; \$23.

10. White Wellington Sears sailcloth put-over; \$12. Narrow blue-and-white striped pants in Dacron-and-cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); \$12. Both, by Masket Bros.

11. Closely-knitted yellow wool sweater with convertible collar; by Geist & Geist. \$23. Grey wool flannel pants by Evan-Picone; \$15. All clothes, and Sperry Topsiders (sure-footed on slippery decks), at Altman's; Phelps-Terkel.





DRAWINGS BY
MARY SUZUKI



First, to define our terms. By “sewing” we mean presentable dressmaking that can stand cold-light-of-day inspection—this, beyond the realm of a too-kind mother or husband. By “non-sewers” we mean the women who can’t boil water, sewingly speaking. The project: to combine these two elements successfully. Here and on the next pages, five patterns that add up to a sewing-appreciation course for beginners. The plan is two day dresses, an evening skirt and blouse, a coat.

A few general rules, now, that apply to all these patterns. The required tools: good sharp scissors, sewing machine, tape measure, and a well-stocked pincushion. (Finer points—electric shears, pinking shears, dress-forms—are all desirable, but not essential.) The next step is choosing a pattern; any of these makes a safe ice-breaker—the coat on the next page, perhaps, is easiest of all. Buying the material is next—check the yardage guide on the pattern envelope; beginners would be wise to steer away from slippery materials like jersey, chiffon, satin. The easiest fabrics to work with are those that are firm, shape-keeping, with a definite right-and-wrong side (who needs two left sleeves?). A cutting guide comes with the pattern; best to study this before starting, and cut on a table big enough to hold all pattern pieces at once. At this stage, the tape measure enters the scene—NOW is the time to lengthen, shorten, widen.

Next, the actual sewing, following the pattern directions. The rule here, as in anything else: *THINK* before acting. A wise dressmaker will proceed cautiously with frequent try-ons, to nip errors in the bud—unless, of course, she *likes* to rip. About hand-basting: much of this on long seams can be tedious and unnecessary; a few pins often suffice. When basting is necessary, do it on the machine, using the largest stitch. This is quicker and easily rippable—enthusiasm can waver and die if one operation drags on too long.

A word about darts (these appear, inevitably, around bust, waist, hip). Here, *do* baste by hand, and make sure they’re placed right for your figure. Darts are all-important, and can mean fit or non-fit. If possible, set up an ironing-board near by, and press as you go. This gives a gratifying professional look, even in the early stages. Further psychological booster: as soon as the neck is faced, hang the dress on a hanger—thus advancing it beyond the crumpled-pieces-in-a-bag stage, and giving it dress-status. Now, to get down to specifics.

Left: Evening dress, in two halves. The top is sleeveless, very easy to put together. Vogue Pattern 9628; here in pink textured silk. The skirt is cut in three pieces, softly pleated at front; made here in a riotous print (printed fabrics cover up for less-than-perfect sewing). Vogue Pattern 9119, in silk by Schwarzenbach Huber. Schreiner earrings.

Right: Afternoon dress that could be light wool, heavy silk. All its fit centres on a high waist—once this area is properly adjusted, the rest is easy. Vogue Pattern 9652, in red linen by Moygashel. Roger Van S handbag. Johansen T-strapped shoes.

No-sleeves blouse; 5 seams to the skirt

BLOUSE: VOGUE PATTERN 9628 SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9119



Elementary dress: one trick to the shaping
VOGUE PATTERN 9652

Vogue Printed Patterns: sewing for non-sewers

SEWING FOR NON-SEWERS

continued



Short-cut extra coat,
cut in one piece

VOCUE PATTERN 9560

Left: Clear sailing here—a checked coat that's cut in one big piece, except for trimmings. Advice here: get a sensational fabric, preferably a thickish one, and farm out the buttonholes to a tailor (these could vex a freshman sewer, can be made for as little as a quarter apiece). This coat, achievable, easily, in a couple of evenings, Vogue Pattern 9560, in black and white hound's-tooth worsted by Crestwood. *Right:* A two-piece dress, made on a basic design: straight skirt, boxy top shaped by belt. As in the case of the coat at left, there are no sleeves to set in, no collar to attach — and this belt *could* be a ready-made one. Buttonholes at back can also be done professionally (but pre-space them, accurately, with thread), Vogue Pattern 9633, in white Dacron and worsted Lesur fabric. Hansen gloves; hats, both pages, by Emme. *For other views, and sizes, see page 99.*

Clarified basics:
no sewing snags
VOGUE PATTERN 9633

Tomorrow's spring

BY COLETTE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We republish here the fourth in our series of eleven articles that the great Colette wrote for French Vogue, thirty-four years ago. This translation is by Antonia White.*

In January, the saffron rose climbs up the pergolas of Monaco, scales the palm trees of Nice, reaches up towards the light, turns its face to the sun and, all in one moment, unfurls a corolla matchless in its colour, amber shot with creamy pink, and in its fragrant untidiness. "There!" it announces boldly. "That is how roses will be worn in Paris . . . in three months' time . . ."

Ever since December, the first white roses blooming on the margins of the green lawns of the Riviera have been displaying a certain arrogance. "Look at this waist, as long as a rainy day; this childish frill amusingly called a skirt; this tube of material minus a curve or a belt; this brimless hat that protects neither eyes nor complexion: these are what Paris is going to go crazy about the moment spring arrives.

"Here, we are white. But Paris will see us every colour of the rainbow. We are like the canvas *toiles* of the dress collections or the black and white sketches the costume designers of the big revues hand over to the whims of the colourists. But the whole spring of fashion is already latent in us, only waiting to be born. White now, like sleeping virgins, when the earth awakens, we shall take on the hues of green buds and yellow daisies, of blue gentians and flushed wild roses."

I watch them go by, those white cocoons of linen, supple silk, spotless wool, or unsullied kasha—and I heave a sigh. A new year of fashion is beginning, another fatal one for women whom nature has provided with definite contours. True, the species is becoming rare. But it is having a hard life—as I know from bitter experience. Alas, *I* could never do what an elegant woman in a restaurant did, having stained her snowy dress with a drop of sauce—dash into the powder room and return triumphant and immaculate, at least from the front, having simply turned her dress the other way round . . .

Yes, in the matter of fashion, spring announces it will be short and uncurving. A spring for women perpetually standing up; set like a slender candlestick beside a clump of trees, rising up from a lawn like a fountain jet, leaning against a balustrade like another baluster lacking the bulbous curves of the rest. We shall see nothing but slim Dianas who, for good reason, never sit down. Once they do so, their brief, narrow, charming, wretched little skirt hitches up beyond the bounds of decency, above stockings that fashion rigidly decrees must be the exact shade of the limbs of old-time rag dolls. Once they sit down, they are, I will not say embarrassed, but occasionally embarrassing. Yet the majority of them are innocent of any ulterior motive; thoroughly accustomed to their partial nakedness, they are as unperturbed as our half-

naked children, and they lower neither their hems nor their eyelids. In the old days, a woman displayed her leg because the leg was pretty; she concealed it for the same reason. Nowadays, the leg is a mere impersonal extension that completes the design of a dress. Below twelve inches of visible skirt, the couturier insists on twelve inches of visible legs, no more and no less. He does not ask your opinion, ladies, and it matters little whether these last twelve inches are sticks, spindles, or pillars, mounted on boats, deer's hooves, or slabs of sliced bread.

Short, geometrical, quadrangular, women's clothes are based on the model of the parallelogram and 1925 will not greet the return to fashion of soft curves, arrogant breasts, and sensuous hips. An adventurous dress designer* is bringing half a dozen American mannequins to France; they are not going to make life any easier for you, sturdy Latin ponies. This chaste squadron of archangels, whose flight is unimpeded by any flesh, is going to convert fashion to still slimmer lines, to an even more simplified garment, cut with one sweep of the scissors out of magnificent material.

Perhaps the time is not very far off when the moguls of the dress world, having created a kind of sumptuous austerity, will be alarmed by what they have done. The main part of their work can be executed by any hand capable of cutting a double rectangle, pierced with armholes, out of three yards of fabric. The virtuosity exercised on it afterwards is that of the embroiderer, the weaver, or even the painter. Every time fashion designers create too rigorous a type, something so nearly a uniform that only colour, pattern, and texture give it any distinctive badges, they unwittingly abandon a vital part of their prerogatives. A certain excess of refinement, the result of constant elimination, plunges their work into a danger the jealous creators rightly dread: becoming facile.

*The adventurous designer was Jean Patou—the editors of American Vogue helped him in his choice of the American mannequins.

New décolletage— filmed in black

Opposite: One way to be décolleté—not exactly. A deep front and back décolletage is barely belied by the filmy suggestion of cover-up; the waist—a definite, tiny starting point for a full-length sweep of swirtable skirt. By Estévez in black silk chiffon. About \$160; Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. Hattie Carnegie earrings: Lord & Taylor. Gloves by Superb.



PORTUGAL:

Portugal begins at Portugal. For days we had been progressing across the immense and empty landscapes of Castile and León under a driving rain, quaking and shivering, shut in a small, slow motor car, a couple of pygmies creeping over the face of the earth inside a mechanical mouse. Under that planing sky, the land stretches, treeless, unconcerned, to the far and low horizon; now and then throws up a cluster of flat clay huts.

At the Spanish frontier post—adobe to adobe—there was no one on duty; I had to go back some way, still in the rain, to find two soldiers, thin as crows under their black lacquered hats, to stamp our exit; three hundred yards further along, the Portuguese customs sat squat and mute in a trim white house, sparkling rings on their fingers. Stares, but no questions; slow, blank scanning, a foretaste of the general Portuguese reluctance to terminate a transaction, to let go of any piece of paper-work; then a flickered half-smile, the lifting of a barrier brightly painted, like a lozenge at a fair, and we were in a river valley shining with new leaves—there were magnolia and oleander, fig and eucalyptus, water chestnut and spring maize; haystacks pressed like sugar-cones hung from the boughs, and all along the roadside the young birch trees were garlanded with vines.

Lyre-horned oxen, under painted yokes, advanced, hoof before slow hoof; women moved by with forests on their heads. Against the cork oaks leaned shepherds stiff in rain-coats made of straw. Rococo shrines, white picked out in grey, stood upon the hillsides, water gushed from tritons' shells and at the end of many a flowering orchard there could be had a glimpse of the pediment of a small manor house. It was Cimarosa, the *Settecento*, a setting to some bucolic masque—we had entered one of the most innocently beautiful regions of this earth, we had entered into an Arcadian dream.

It never fails, this first sense of pleasure, light as feathers, of the land entry into Portugal. Whether one comes into the Minho through Galicia or into the Trás-os-Montes from León, whether one arrives in the East by the Salamanca road or from Spanish Extremadura in the Alentejo, there is always that entire and abrupt—and never wholly explicable—passage from the harsh sublimity of Spain to the slow-moving lyrical beauty of the well-ordered, handmade, water-freshened countrysides of Lusitania. (And there is also, of course, the arrival by sea, the first look at Lisbon from across the Tagus. In fact one can not go wrong with one's first step into Portugal.)

Ten minutes later we were in Chaves. Even the rain

had stopped; the sky was gentle blue. All Portuguese towns are pretty; some are very pretty; a few are exquisite. Chaves is charming and dotty and unexpected. The houses, all the houses, are painted green or pink or blue, or tiled, with delicate balconies, and of some faintly outlandish eighteenth-century shape. The corners of the roofs turn up in a pagoda tilt. There are arcades. Everything stands sparkling clean in the light sun. The chief trade appears to be the sale of very large polychromatic trunks. The whole effect is that of a pastiche whiff of the Far East with something of the spruceness and well-being of a small town in Switzerland.

On the Spanish side it had been too early for luncheon; here it was too late. In actual time it had been a little before, and was now a little after, two o'clock. Everything was *fixado*, shut, closed down, fixed—a most favoured word. The gaiety and lightness seem to be confined to nature and to stucco and stone; it is not reflected in the clothes or faces. Male peasants wear inky tatters, the men in cafés wear inky business suits; the women are either beasts of burden in field and street, or otherwise not seen. We retired into the car to think. Instantly we were surrounded. Portuguese stares are blank and black, immovable like flies on butcher's meat. You turn, you whisk, you say something; they are still in front of you. The really disturbing thing is that there is no curiosity.

Ham, the good smoked mountain ham of the region, is *presunto* (prshoont), bread is *pão* (pong). The general recipe for pronunciation is to forget everything one has ever heard or learnt of Spanish and Italian, to lop off every final vowel and as many other as laziness suggests, drawl out the remaining ones, change any letter into one easier to say, replace all s's and most consonants with a double shsh, aim at a nasal twang (a blend of Cockney with Meridional French is best), sing the whole like Welsh, explode it to sound like Polish, and do not forget a hint of Dutch. For example: the name of the capital: *Leeshshbowah*.

A dawdling half-afternoon's drive got us to Vila Real. Vila Real has two streets meeting in an arrowhead which is a baroque façade—a dexterous and graceful architectural turn that startles one at perhaps half a dozen street corners up and down the country—and a passable hotel. It is also a crossroads. Here one must make a choice. One could be at Oporto—it is early summer—before nightfall; thence on to Coimbra, the great abbeys, Lisbon, the sea, the south. We are also on the threshold of the port-wine country, one need only go up the Douro, from there try perhaps to get into the wild parts, the *serras* of the Trás-os-Montes, to Mirandela, to Vinhais, perhaps reach far Bragança. There

BY SYBILLE BEDFORD

Arcadian dream

is so much to see, so many places one has a wish to go to, and what one sees is so fresh, so different, so ravishing, that one wants to stop, to linger, to enjoy.

Most of it, in actual mileage, appears to be within easy reach (though the routes do not always link). The roads are unencumbered, inns and churches unchoked by tours; once or twice one may find oneself forestalled by the retinue of an official visit or a bus-load on a pilgrimage: on the whole, one need not tie oneself with plans, one is free. I had been here before—too briefly—I wanted to see everything again, wanted to see the new. . . . Nor did I want to leave the fertile North, the Elysian pastures, the land of the light and fanciful, whitewashed and granite-trimmed domestic baroque. For days we went about in circles.

We went to Vila Mateus, the most fantastic of eighteenth-century country houses, the like of which could only be seen in Portugal, and in Portugal only once. We went over the Serra do Marão and came down from the heights and out of the pine-woods and had luncheon in the sun at Amarante by the river looking at the tiled cupolas and the bridge with the obelisks. We crossed the Tamego and here, in the province of the Minho, the Arcadian dream thickens, the vines grow higher upon the trees, oranges are ripe, melon and roses flower beside the gentle cornfields, the wheel turns by the well, all is slow content; so idyllic is this countryside that, in the words of Sacheverell Sitwell, "the action of passing through it induces a mood akin to that of being in a trance." We went through Guimarães and saw the coloured palaces and streets; we came to Braga with the twenty churches and saw the golden organs, and slept in moonlit quiet and cool—in an excellent hotel—in the sacred garden at the top of another architectural extravagance, the ornamental staircase, pilgrim shrines and fountains of Bom Jesus.

Vila Verde, Ponte da Barca, Ponte de Lima, charmingly spread along a riverside, Barcelos, Valenca, Viana do Castelo—*quintas* and convents, façades bats-winged and sea-scrolled, Mamieline doorways, *azulejos*, painted ceilings, barley-sugar columns, formal gardens, markets in the squares, octagonal chapels no bigger than a sentry box, and crumbling monasteries vast as railway stations, flowers in the ruins and statues in the fields. . . . Day into sunny day.

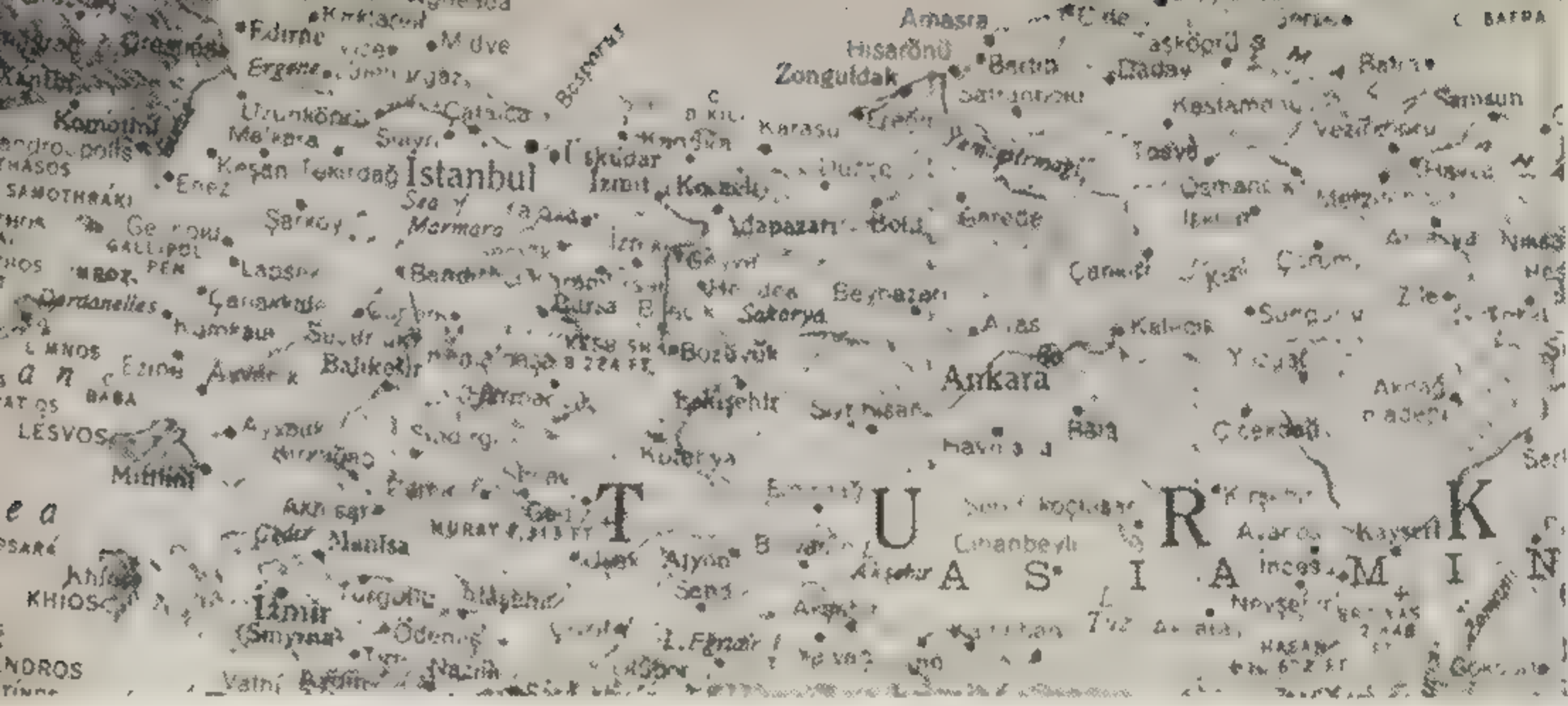
Everywhere the wine is quite delicious; and cheap. I have a fondness for the *vinhos verdes*, the slightly, and naturally, sparkling wines of the Minho; the white, which is very dry (too acid, some say) as *apéritif*; the red, which is reminiscent, but no more, of some undoctored Tuscan wine, with food. I have not found these green wines in

London; they are said to travel badly, but I rather doubt this. I recommend, too, the red wines of Colares and of Dão (Dong) and a crystalline pink wine made, but not sold, at Vila Mateus. Port costs about a third of what it does in England, but if one is looking for vintage port one will be disappointed; what is sold in the restaurants and shops is sound enough commercial stuff such as one would find in the run of English pubs. (Great port is drunk chiefly at the English shippers' and growers' tables, and their hospitality to travelling strangers is Dickensian, Oriental, something no longer met with elsewhere in these diminished days.)

Food is agreeable, very plentiful, fresh and unassuming. Olive oil and fish are always excellent, and the bread is often. Beware of large round loaves that look like dark country-bread and so good for a picnic: it is *brua*, maize bread and as heavy as wet cement. Butcher shops are best left unvisited by what the French screen warning calls *Les personnes sensibles*.

After a stay in satrap comfort at a port-wine *quinta* and some lonely days in the utter wilds of the Trás-os-Montes, we found ourselves once more at Vila Real whence we started weeks ago, on our way at last to the more known regions, to the lions of the traveller's Portugal. Two-thirds of the country and nearly everything one had read and heard about lay still in front of us—the towns of Guarda, three thousand feet in the air; Lamego with its peaches and baroque; the double staircase, chessboard statuary and nine landings of Nos Senhora dos Remédios, fantastically covering a whole hill-side; Viseu incomparably elegant; Oporto; Coimbra with its undergraduates in black tail coats at noon and its magnificent library; Obidos, alas much man-handled and restored; Évora, classical within mediaeval walls shimmering in the heat of the Alentejo; Estremoz and Elvas, the white towns of Estremadura, brilliant with Arab domes; the unique abbeys: Alcopaca, a Cistercian shell, the lovely *manoleino* fantasies of Batalha and the stupendous Convent of Christ at Tomar; São Jerónimos at Lisbon, the Tagus, the Alfama quarter, Black Horse Square, the golden coaches and the tower of Bélem; the dank woods and hermitages of Cintra, so dear to our forebears; the gardens and pink palace of Queluz, the Lusitanian Trianon; the sea—never far!—the white fishing ports with their curious craft, their glaring cubic huts and smell of tunny and sardine; Nazaré (self-conscious now and tourist proud); Setúbal; Sesimbra; Olhão in the Algarve.

Regular roads are all right; just. Side roads can be frightful. Local driving is individual; like Edwardian chickens, the species has not yet bred the survival qualities useful in a motorized civilization. Good hotels are very good; not so good ones, tolerable; the (*Continued on page 102*)

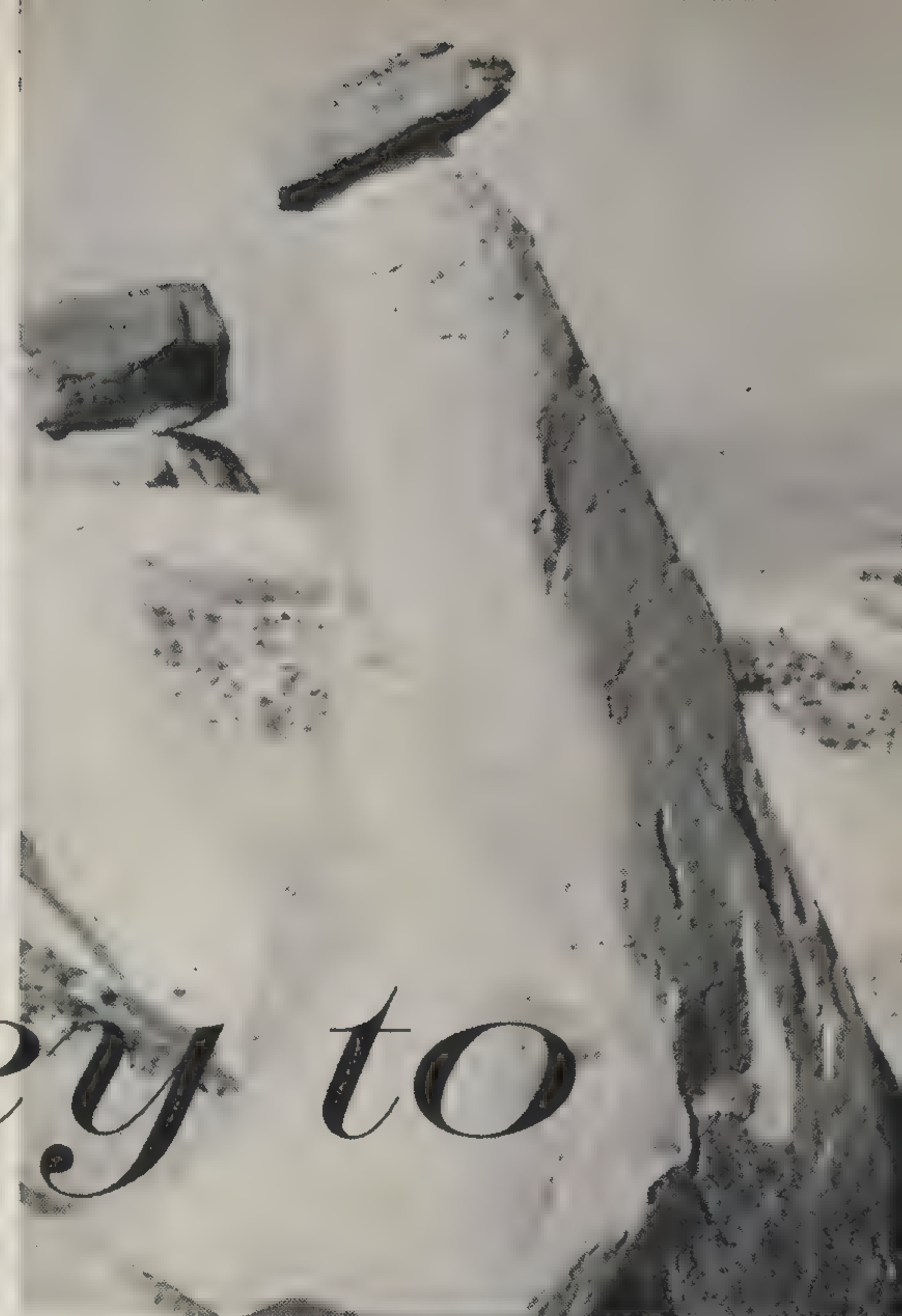


Map of upper Anatolia



Pergamum: Basilica, built by Emperor Hadrian, as temple to Egyptian divinity, Serapis.

Didyma: fragment, Temple of Apollo



The key to

Anatolia, that enormous portion of Turkey lying in Asia, is mild, fresh, deep in Western history, and fascinating for travellers. It is bordered to the north by the Black Sea, south and west by the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas, and to the east by a tremendous range of mountains, that touches Russia, Iran, Iraq, and Syria.

The best way to see Anatolia is in your own car, but, if this is impossible, the second best way is to hire cars as you go from town to town. Even in the smaller towns taxis are reasonable and their drivers make no difficulties about covering a distance of a few hundred miles. Automobile spare parts are hard to find in Turkey and so are films, razor blades, and, strangely enough, coffee.

Although Turkish plane service is excellent, it is advisable to book a seat well in advance because flights are limited and Turks, due to their country's distances and lack of highways, are exceedingly air-minded. Some trains are good, particularly the night train from Istanbul to Ankara, and the express which, three times a week, joins Ankara to Adana. Buses are inadvisable except for Spartans who can support frequent breakdowns on dusty roads, tight squeezing on wooden benches, and endless delays. Ships to and from the Black Sea ports are first-rate, but, because of full passenger lists in summer, single cabins are scarce. Food and service are good, the cleanliness exemplary, and the only drawback is erratic sailing hours, often changed without warning.

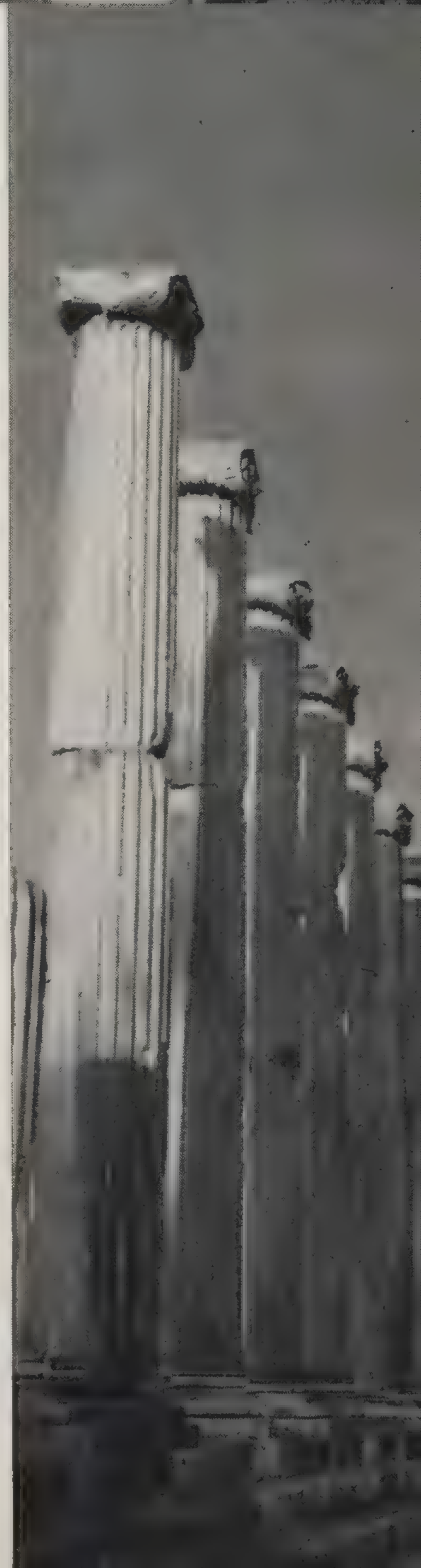
Anyone going to Anatolia should reread the great histories by Herodotus, who has many entertaining anecdotes on the Greek and Persian occupations of this territory; the poetical and esoteric *Ionian* by Freya Stark, who deals mainly with the Mediterranean coastline; and the highly informative Lord Kinross travel books, *Within the Taurus* and *Europa Minor*,

which together, cover most of Anatolia.

With Turkey's history so indissolubly united to that of Greece, it is ironical to find indifference on the part of Turks to the glorious vestiges left behind by the Greeks, Romans, and early Christians. All such great Greek and Roman names as Pergamum, Ephesus, Hierapolis are ignored, and in order to get around one must learn the Turkish names. Therefore, it is wise to learn a few Turkish words and to carry a dictionary. As the exchange is remarkably in our favour, there is no country in Europe where you will spend as little as in Turkey. Although western dress is seen in the large cities, in the small towns Moslem women are still shrouded; in smaller towns, women are rarely seen and never in public places. In the provincial hotels, maids always manage to cover their faces, and in restaurants there are no waitresses or women customers.

Hotels in the small towns, although not luxe, are incredibly reasonable, clean, and well-aired. (As the Turks are passionately fond of glass doors, bring a sleep shade to block out the corridor lights which blink all night long.) In some towns, such as Çanakkale and Bergama (the former Pergamum), it may be necessary to hire four beds in order to have a private room. Each bed costs about eighteen cents a day.

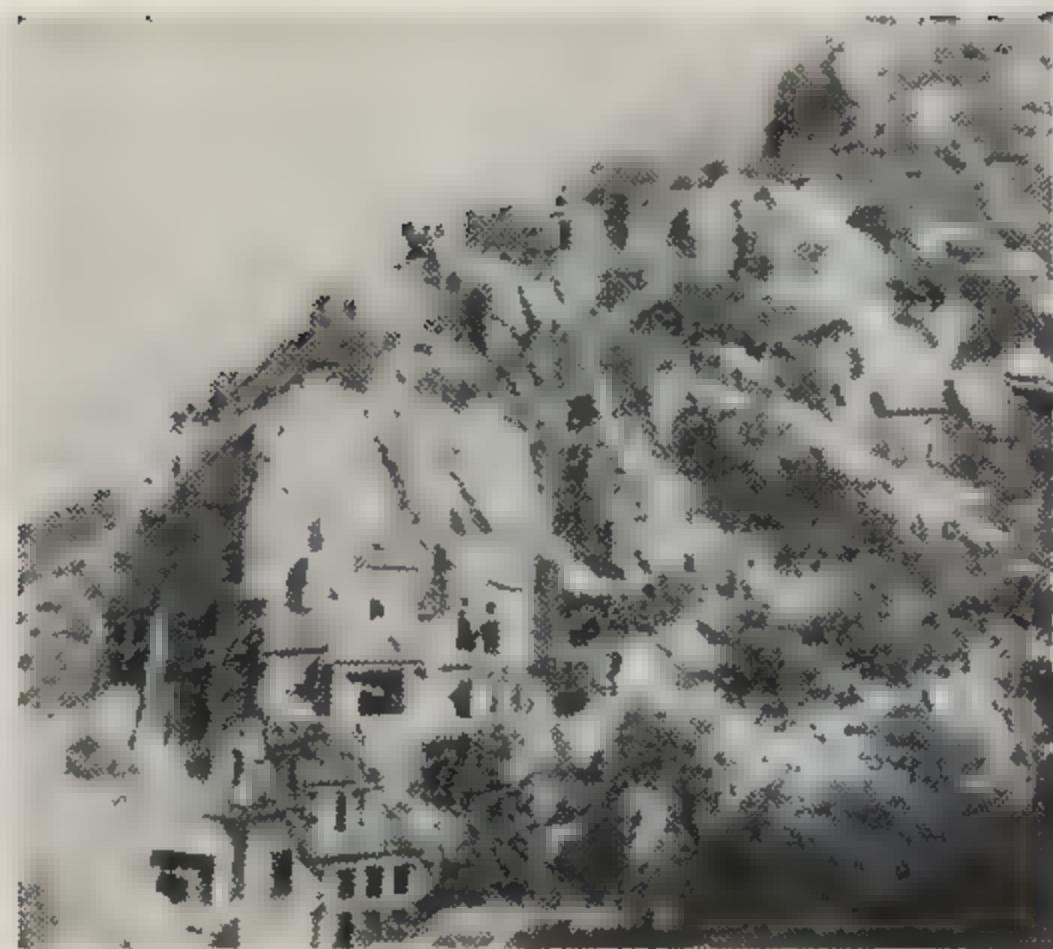
Many hotels, apart from those in Istanbul, Ankara, and Izmir, have neither restaurants nor room service. Restaurants, called *lokantas*, however, are everywhere, and, to order food, one may go into the kitchen for a preview of the various dishes. You indicate your choice and within a few minutes the food is brought to the table. Turkish food varies considerably in quality from region to region, but rice (they call it *pilav*), peppers, tomatoes, lamb, and compotes are always on the menus. The best wines are Kavaklidere (both red and white), Buzbag (white), and Yakut Damlasi (rosé).



Pergamum (right): "Aesculapium, of which Horace sang in his poems."



Myra: Roman tombs

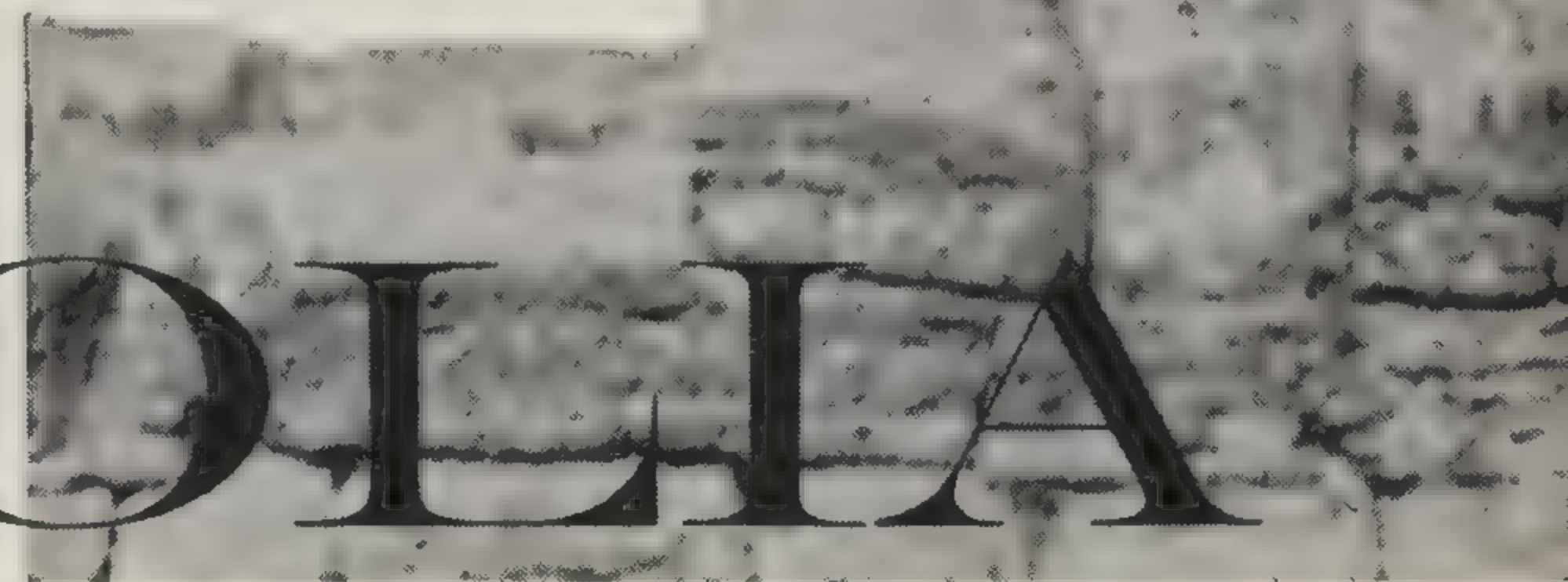


Göreme: rock dwellings of Christian hermits.



Trebizond: "... a kingdom only for Sancho Panza"

Troy: wall ruin, perhaps destroyed at the time of the Wooden Horse.



ANATOLIA

Text and
photographs by LANFRANCO RASPONI

Bursa (the ancient Prusa), a centrifugal point for a tour of Anatolia, is a thirty-minute flight from Istanbul. With its houses of cerulean-blue set against the greenery of Mt. Olympus, Bursa is one of Turkey's most delectable cities and has several good hotels, among them, the Çelik and the Park.

One may bathe in the same steaming mineral waters that the Seljuks bathed in eight centuries ago, a custom of the Empress Theodora, who came here every year with her court for a cure. The octagonal Green Mausoleum's perfect proportions and enchanting tiles shine on a sunlit hill. At the bottom of the hill, Bayezid Mosque dominates a group of white marble tombs, which give to death a serene, majestic feeling. In a romantic garden clustered with fountains, there is the Muradiye Mosque, and, in another garden, a superb collection of tombs known as the Cemetery of the Sultans.

From Bursa to Troy is a long trip, but those who know Homer's *Iliad* will not want to miss it. It is a seven-hour drive from Bursa to Çanakkale. Here you spend the night and get your permit to visit the ruins of nearby Troy, which is in a military zone.

The little village of Troy, which overlooks the Dardanelles and the golden plains, is reached after a beautiful drive through green pine forests on the way from Çanakkale. The Trojan ruins are fascinating. There were nine cities built over a period of four thousand years and it's like a jigsaw puzzle to reconstruct the shape of the cities and their formidable walls, some of which are still standing. There is a charming small amphitheatre dating back to Roman times and an interesting small museum.

Izmir, the ancient Smyrna, is an excellent base for excursions. On a pretty Aegean bay with a thriving port, it is encircled by hills over which the city is spread. The Izmir Palace, the Kordon, and the Ankara Palace, the three best hotels, are crowded these days with NATO officials.

There is an excellent museum in the Kültürpark; the Agora, with its white columns and an impressive statue of Poseidon, is a handsome sight.

From Izmir, on a good asphalt road, one may drive to Bergama in a little over two hours. Outside the town is the ancient Aesculapium, of which Horace sang in some of his poems. It was here that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius came for the sake of his lungs and the Emperor Caracalla for the sake of his nerves. A charming compact amphitheatre, holding five thousand people, is still used for performances of the classics.

The Archaeological and the Ethnographical Museums, both of which house important collections, are, like all provincial Turkish museums, arranged with exquisite taste. On the edge of town stands the Basilica, the largest in Asia Minor, and one of seven which legend attributes as established by St. John the Apostle. It is of dark red bricks from which the white marble has long since vanished. Built originally as a temple to the Egyptian divinity, Serapis, by the Emperor Hadrian, it became later one of the great centres of Christianity. Overwhelming in size, notwithstanding its ruined state, it has a grandeur which few other religious edifices can match.

One of the finest mosques in the world is the Ulu Mosque, which dates from the end of the fourteenth century and is noted, among other details, for its ornamented niche.

Three miles out of Bergama rises an ancient acropolis built on an austere mountain. Here, one of the great libraries of antiquity was established in which two hundred thousand volumes were filed. Mark Antony dismantled and sent it, in hundreds of crates, as a gift to Cleopatra. Later it formed a part of the famous library in Alexandria. Most overwhelming in this acropolis, however, is the perfectly preserved amphitheatre. It is a daring feat of architectural engineering, for it hangs precipitously over the valley. To seat fifteen (Continued on page 97)

On not seeing Fuji

BY JOHN HAYLOCK

“*d*o you want to climb Fuji?” We were eating lobsters in Tokyo. The object of the lunch was to discuss my sight-seeing.

“Do many people climb it?”

“In summer about six thousand every weekend. There are two kinds of fools in Japan, they say: he who has never climbed Fuji, and he who has climbed Fuji twice. You needn’t climb Fuji, but you ought to go to the Inland Sea, to Kyoto, to Gifu to see the cormorant fishing . . .” The list of the many places that I had to visit lasted well into the cheese course.

I arranged to fly to Fukuoka, the principal town of Kyushu, Japan’s southern island. After a night at a Japanese inn, I went the next day to the Japan Travel Bureau at the station, where I bought a second-class seat to Beppu. Working on the railways is regarded as an honoured profession. The station staffs are large, including, as well as the station masters and their assistants, porters (usually old men with red cap-bands marked “Boy” in English), a quantity of newspaper vendors, and sellers of ice cream, lunch boxes, and drinks. Many of the railway workers wear white gloves and their shirts are usually clean. When a train departs, the staff stands to attention and bows slightly with caps off. On board, the travellers quickly make themselves at home. Railway carriages, like busses, consist of one large compartment. In second class the seats are padded and adjustable, but in third class they are wooden. Taking off coats and ties, the men fold up on the seats with their legs under them. Women do not sprawl; if they are wearing kimonos, they sit forward so as not to crush the bows of their beautiful sashes.

Then the train wound its way through narrow valleys of rice fields where plate-hatted peasants waded in the mud. Above the valleys rose thickly wooded hills. We saw a countryside of gorges, bright green paddy fields, patches of white or mauve lotus flowers, and conifer pines.

At Beppu, a spa known for its hot springs, the special feature is hot sand baths on the beach. As the tide was in, I was unable to take the cure, which consists of burying oneself up to the neck in the black sand. The garden of the hotel reminded me of those Japanese gardens in bowls that used to be the fashion in England. The rooms were connected by red bridges over streams filled with carp. The bathroom, with walls and floor in azure mosaic tiles, had a bath the size and shape of a small sailing boat. Under the glass floor was a lighted aquarium containing goldfish.

In the evening I caught the little boat from Beppu to Honshu, the main island; the farewell was like that given to passengers on a transatlantic liner. “Auld Lang Syne” was

played over loud-speakers, and friends on the quay held paper streamers whose ends were clutched by those on board.

We were awakened at five-thirty, and out of the cabin window I could see the pink torii (the Shinto arch) of the “floating” shrine of Miyajima standing in the water near the shore of the hilly, wooded island.

Miyajima, because of its famous floating Shinto shrine, is regarded as holy, and up to 1868 no births or deaths were allowed to occur on it; even now people are not buried on the island. The narrow streets leading to the shrine are as full of souvenir shops as Capri. Made of camphorwood, the shrine juts like a pier over the water of a cove; at high tide it appears to float.

On the way to Onomichi the train passed through Hiroshima, now so completely rebuilt that it is difficult to realize that the main part of the city was reduced to an atomic desert. Modern concrete buildings tower above the one-storey wooden houses.

Shortly after dawn I caught the ferry to Tadotsu, where there is a transfer to the boat for Kobe.

After the fresh sea, Kobe was humid and we were relieved to have an air-conditioned room. At the Olde Kings Arms Public House, filled with English businessmen who live in Kobe, I drank beer and ate beef sandwiches. The “pub,” which is in “olde” Elizabethan style, might be in Winchester, with its dart board, wooden armchairs, draught beer, photographs of the Queen and Princess Margaret, and above the bar a notice about closing at eleven.

In the morning I took the electric train to Kyoto. At the Japan Travel Bureau I weakened and booked into the Kyoto Hotel: seventy-seven Western-style rooms and four Japanese-style ones; I had one of the seventy-seven. The city, which was Japan’s capital until 1868, was built like the American block system. Down each street there is a vista on to wooded hills.

The comfortable Kyoto Hotel was full of Americans who were doing the town, the “Florence of Japan,” in two days. Tours were arranged and I joined one of them. On the way to the Higashi Honganji temple, our grey-haired guide spoke incessantly into the bus microphone.

The huge two-storeyed gate and the double-roofed Founder’s Hall are fine examples of Japanese architecture. This Buddhist temple was last rebuilt in 1895. To help towards its reconstruction (it was burnt down for the fourth time in 1864) contributions were made by people from all over the country.

Nijo Castle where the Shogun used to rule stands behind thick walls with watchtowers. The floor of the entrance corridor squeaks as you walk along (*Continued on page 100*)

Finland

BY WILLIAM SANSOM

How large small towns are; how splendid can be a modest Balt capital. To sail from the sea into Helsinki harbour is as impressive an experience as the Adriatic approach to Venice. A fine façade of neo-classic palaces, grey-pillared and rose-tinted, drapes a straight backcloth along the opposing quay front. The domed white Great Church rises like a northern St. Peter's eminent above. The golden onions of the Orthodox Cathedral bubble their czarist comment from wooded wings to the right. To the left, long liner-like tiers of a white-and-glass modern hotel reflect a motif of white ships tied up alongside. It is a foursquare harbour, both busy and beautiful, a rich and satisfying cul-de-sac off the Baltic highway.

Onto the quay debouches a long, gently tilted, tree-lined park called the Esplanade. This is the main Helsinki strolling ground. It ends in a small glassy pleasure pavilion and an open quayside market where, among flowers and fish, one may buy a condiment of sour cream and Russian picklings from robust, poker-faced women. The Kämp Hotel stands on the Esplanade, near a number of the more expensive shops. It makes a good condensed centre, this *paseo*-park to the sea; and only a block behind lie the Bond Streets and the government offices. These latter were designed mostly by the neo-classic architect Engel, building Greekish in the early nineteenth century, and their façades are colour-washed grey-green or rose or dulled golden yellow, with pediments, entablature, and other details, picked out in white.

The Great Church Square is a homogeneous marvel, with no break in the enclosing buildings and, though not as valuable as some other good *places*, like Nancy's *Place Stanislas*, it gives much the same final, measured, unspoiled satisfaction; with an added *frisson* of its own, for the neo gives the classicism an illusion of impermanence, creepy, as if such powder-coloured façades might all collapse in a puff of cheesecloth dust. But they have stood well a century and a half of fur-capped winters, and of summers where the sun shines, as in all these northern latitudes, strong and long and marvellously clear.

Round about radiates the usual central mix-up of offices and trams, theatres and museums, with a number of portentous modern blocks of great and granite proportion. It is a little further out, in the suburbs, that one meets a true grace of modern architecture, in which the Finns excel. The prelude is the great Stadium built for the Olympic games, a wonderfully shaped boat of a building lying like a giant white tanker, low and graceful in its sea of grassed earth.

And thereafter, through environs left well-wooded and laced with lakes, the dormitory flats extend, block upon block, graceful, subtly coloured, with occasional clumps of tall birch and fir and the good luck of extremely smart arsenic-green telegraph poles. Cows occasionally lick these and fall ill, but it still seems worth while.

Before entering these pages I was impelled elsewhere to describe driving through these so subtly coloured, so gracefully designed suburbs as feeling like looking through the hat-gloves-bag accessory pages of *Vogue*—balconies of taupe and indigo, surfaces sweet as the underfur of small animals, black roofs matte as suède and pointing the sky like a thick charcoal line left in a painting, and the tan-boled pines and the Prussian-green firs and the black and white birch and always the chic bile of the telegraph. Elegant, smart—those are the only words for these gracious buildings.

Why should the Finns, tucked up away in this corner of Europe, have developed so fine an aesthetic sense? Their glassware, pottery, furniture, follow their architecture's suit—it is all superior to the usual Scandinavian product of similar inspiration. The answer seems to lie in the forest. The forest has given the Finns their famous Finnish silence; and a natural liking to sit alone and think in colloquy with nature. Add an historical independence of character, and no involved traditions to hold them back from new forms. But they have forests elsewhere? Indeed. But there is a strange hierarchy of forests—the Swedes, for instance, who have vast tracts of their own, come over to Finland for an added wildness, imperceptible but to such nature-tuned northerners.

The silence is well-illustrated by an old story—that of the Finn living deep in the forest, who was told that somebody else had started building a hut some forty miles away, and said nothing, but simply took out his knife and disappeared among the trees in the direction indicated. The knife is today largely discarded, but still this love of solitude persists—even in urban Helsinki, where one might think every third person is an intellectual deep, deep away in thought. But do not be deceived, this silence is never morose, and at any moment will switch over to a wild impetuosity of talking, singing, dancing, laughing, not unstimulating to the passive visitor.

Kalastajatorppa, a great round terraced pleasance set on wooded water, must be one of the most charmingly situated restaurants in the world. Dine there off small pink crayfish under a green August sky, wash down with vodka, follow up with one of the re- (Continued on next page)

Finland *continued*

doubtable local fish such as baked grayling or a Karelian dish of mixed braised meats. Or try, at the elegant Theatre Grill or the dancing Savoy, *gravlax* (Swedish), salmon specially cured with saltpetre to taste like a dream of smoked salmon without the minor roughnesses of salt and smoke. To stay—one may choose the modern Vaakuna Hotel, or the quayside Palace with views on the harbour, or old Kämp, dizzy with brass bedsteads, polished woods, and leather, the cigar-smell of generations of Baltic merchants, and fine iron *art-nouveau* lift (labelled with the formidable Swedish word for lift, *hiss*).

Swedish is the second language, a help to the traveller mindful of a few German roots, though a lot of English is spoken too. Streets and so on are named both in Swedish and Finnish, and I came across one menu in a predominantly Finnish restaurant where one was invited in Swedish to order Danish Vienna bread. Finnish itself sounds like Spanish with an Italian trill, and looks often like a Pacific Island tongue—*ravintola* and *ruokala* both mean restaurant—and there is an endearing coy use of a terminal ‘i’ to many words, making bank *pankki* and bar *bari*.

Honesty and good manners are ubiquitous. “Please *try* not to smoke”—a notice in a railway buffet—must be the last word in official courtesy. Tips are sometimes handed back with a cheerful smile. And a farmer is *honoured* if you bathe from, or camp on, his land.

Finland is netted with air lines. It is easy and customary to hop about above the forests. To Turku, the old Swedish trading capital, and the gateway to the largest archipelago in Europe, where the great white Finnish barques and schooners, some of them five-masters, were built. Or to Tampere, called the Finnish Manchester, but a clear bright town of green gardens and lakes, and where Lenin happened to meet young Stalin. Or cruise on the luxurious Silver Line motor-launch service up a day-long nest of lakes—or in an older tiered and canopied white steamer with a Congo throb, but clear water, on granite to soothe the eye, and white natives sunning themselves near-naked on the fir-clad bank. Or fly up to Rovaniemi, a brilliant modern town on

the Arctic Circle, the beginning of Lapland, where one may shoot the rapids in longboats or watch timbermen flash down the river on their rolling logs, or eat ribs of reindeer flared over a wood fire.

Or, further north, up and up, with wilder and wilder forest, with the white nights whiter and whiter—the warm three-month summer being really a five-monther in terms of sunlight, daylight. Up here on the exquisite sponge of reindeer moss, among birches dwarfed by the rigours of winter, flowers bloom to twice their ordinary size in the nightlong sunlight. And the Lapps, who live in hide tents of a wigwam appearance look like flowers themselves, isolated in the perspective in their red and blue and yellow clothes. And far above the polar circle, among these lovely untouched landscapes, beautiful in their rich desolation, pure as music, you can find a comfortable modern hotel, and, as always, a *sauna*, the national steam bath.

The *sauna* is a weekly necessity to every Finn. It is a dry steam bath, refreshing, not enervating like a Russian or a humid Turkish bath. You sit in an atmosphere raised above boiling point and lightly swish yourself with a bunch of birch leaves. Later, a roll in the snow, or in summer a plunge into cool water. Then massage, a short rest—and every week you emerge a new person, nerves as cleansed and resuscitated as your body. There are five hundred thousand small bath houses and many large public establishments in Finland to serve a population of over four million. In the country, they build the *sauna* first and sit in it while the main house is being built. To the Finn, it is as important as—no, more important than—the weekly roast is to the average Englishman; and rightly so, considering the beneficial effects, and considering that most great civilizations in the past have incorporated a slow bathing ritual in their habitual lives. Now we, the progressed, equate bathing with hygiene or sport, hopping and floundering among the waters in nervous excess, rather than in this leisurely, tranquillizing, nerve-restoring manner.

The Finns are a tough, persistent, lively lot, and, like their strange language, not quite like anybody else.

Remaking a house

Beginnng here, two examples of notable house-and-life-lifting. One is a country place that evolved from odds and ends of buildings. One is a tired, cramped brownstone that became a lively, spacious town house. *Opposite*, in the energized old New York brownstone, this remarkable living room designed by Ward Bennett for the David Guyers. To break up a long, ungainly expanse, the designer introduced a second level. Employing a device currently favoured by several modern architects, he built a platform with a sunken centre, covered the latter with beige travertine marble. The platform, its carpet the same pale-sand colour as the walls, eliminates the need for occasional tables and provides a permanent, comfortable seating arrangement with two oversized cushions that perform as couches. Like the monochromatic walls and floor, the Egyptian cotton curtains are also sand colour, but more yellow than the rest of the room. (The designer pointed out that a forest is monochromatic, but every tree a slightly different shade.) Against all this: a shock of colour in the couches, both covered in Indian silk, one a fervent ultramarine blue, one a jewel-like emerald green. On a small Italian chest is a bright red necklace, the kind worn by Malabar *harijans*. Low-slung natural rush Hong Kong beach chairs rest confidently on a rare antique silk Kashan prayer rug. To illuminate this striking room, light emerges from three unexpected sources: 1) set in the floor in the right background, it is captured and reflected back by the “flying saucer” directly above it; 2) set in the baseboard, it emanates from the bottom edge of the couch on the left; and 3) from the hearth, firelight flickers when guests arrive. On the following pages, more of the Guyers’ remodelling, all strongly influenced by their four years in South Asia.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING





FROM A VICTORIAN BROWNSTONE, A TIMELESS TOWN HOUSE



From their four years in India and Pakistan with the United Nations, the young David Guyers brought back to New York not only a collection of rare objects, but a whole set of new interests. To provide a suitable background for both, they with their architect, Ward Bennett, redesigned a brownstone, one of two side-by-side houses built in 1877 for the Beekman sisters on the Beekman family estate. Because the Guyers left the original façade intact, one might expect to find a busy Victorian interior. Instead there is complete serenity, a cool remoteness from outside affairs, the rooms at peace in their own new world.

To achieve this transformation, the architect tranquillized the nervous look of the "parlour floor" by stripping it of jambs, mouldings, and other woodwork adornment. He further freed the room of any built-in eye distractions by completely enclosing the stairway balustrade. Tempering a lanky stretch of space that amounted visually to a claustrophobic tunnel, he established two different levels and divided the old living room into two sections: one, the present bi-level living room, with a carpeted seating platform built around a marble well in front of the travertine marble-hooded fireplace; the other, an Indian-rugged entrance hall, where a sixteenth-century Tuscan monk's table now often fulfills the secular purpose of serving dinners in the buffet style the household prefers. When guests number more than ten, some dine in the living room, some in the leisure room to which the hall connects. Not surprisingly, the menu often features curry, one dish Mrs. Guyer entrusts to no cook but herself. (Occasionally, she wears a cerulean silk, gold-bordered sari for a curry buffet.)

The Guyers, whose efforts have helped to pioneer group-showings of living Asian artists in this country, find the setting receptive to good display of their own fine collection of contemporary Indian paintings. Also very much at home: an assembly of relics and articles of *virtu* from lands as diverse as Haiti and Nepal. The Guyers, both of whom are active in cultural exchange projects for the Asia Society, can give a scholarly and lively account of each object.

The leisure room, above left. On the shelves: dolls from Indian cottage industries, a painting by the Haitian artist, Wilson Bigaud. On the right wall: oil chalk, "The Hunter," by Husain, a contemporary Indian artist.

Mr. and Mrs. David Guyer, in front of cibotium fernery in leisure room. Mr. Guyer, a slim, handsome six-footer, is a member of the U. N. Secretariat; Mrs. Guyer, a small hazel-eyed brunette, learned, with her husband, to understand *Urdu* and *Hindi* while she was in India.



TOM LEONARD

The two-level living room, looking through entrance hall to the leisure room. In foreground, beige travertine marble well. Stairway leads to bedrooms on two upper floors, goes down at end of entrance hall to kitchen on first floor. *Below*, same scene before remodelling. *Below right*, “flying saucer,” sometimes called the “Guyers’ rope trick,” reflects light directed at it from hole in floor. Rampant griffin on the right is from an Indian temple cart.





FROM ODDS AND ENDS—

THE STEWART KELLOGG
CONTEMPORARY COUNTRY HOUSE



Mrs. Kellogg
at kitchen counter

The old shacks, *above*, two of the three that formed the basis of the remodelled house. On the left, the curing building; on the right, the firing kiln. Shaded areas on the plan below show old buildings; the white areas, the Kellogg additions.



Three buildings, gone to pot, stood in the way of the Stewart Kelloggs when they wanted to move down by the mill pond, the mill house, and the stream on their place in Bedford Village, New York. Although friends suggested destroying the shacks, which were the former firing, curing, and glazing buildings of a Bavarian potter, the Kelloggs and their architect, Marsden London, saw in them the core of an unusual house, hospitable to the Kelloggs' country life.

Down by the old mill stream, the buildings were spruced up, one room and one bathroom added, and, to connect the whole works, a sixty-six foot driftwood gallery hall. The result: a long one-storey house, painted a startling blue, every room with a feeling of contrast in space and a glorious view of the waterworks outside. Since the potter's buildings had gone up at random, with no attempt at conforming, the ceiling heights in the Kellogg house vary. For instance, while the driftwood and lime-coloured living room has a twelve-foot ceiling, the long hallway leading from it is only seven feet high. Remnants of the potter's craft are in evidence. In the centre of the living room is a free-standing brick fireplace, its foundation the firing kiln. In the guest room, where a corner fireplace now stands, the potter did his glazing. Some of his curing took place in what is now a built-into-the-hill wine cellar, entered through a hidden door in the kitchen. Throughout the house, in a delphinium blue from which the house takes its exterior colour, glisten many decorative vessels that were made in these rooms forty years ago.

For this weekend and summer house, the Kelloggs have drawn from the family stock of fine American antiques. On the floors are variegated hooked rugs, on the walls, paintings of nineteenth-century clipper ships, and every room glows with the patina of old schoolmaster desks, chests, and secretaries. An assortment of blanket chests includes one converted by Mr. Kellogg into a bedroom shaving stand, with running water, as a defensive measure in a ménage where one man vies for mirrors and wash bowls with five females—Mrs. Kellogg, three small daughters, and their nurse. Accessories and plumbing fixtures in the major bathroom came from the old Sherry's building in New York and have the assertive elegance of a day when bathrooms were news.

Separated from the living room by a service counter is an open kitchen, at first regarded by Mrs. Kellogg with apprehension, now with pleasure, as a stage where dishes are prepared with flourish before an audience of guests.

The contemporary delphinium blue house, left, seen in same perspective as plan at far left. At edge of pond: poodle, and rare water birds from the Kellogg aviary.



Free-standing red brick fireplace, above, with a black steel hood, acts as demarcation point in the oak-beamed living room between the living space and the dining-kitchen section seen in background. In the fireplace, where Mrs. Kellogg sometimes cooks a party steak, clay pieces once were fired.



The guest room, above. On the raised semicircular hearth (where glazing took place), a corner fireplace of red, brown, and grey bricks. *Below,* where grass once grew, the new hallway during construction.



The driftwood hallway, below. Sixty-six feet long, it connects the redone potter's buildings and the Kellogg additions, runs from living room (foreground) at one end of the house to guest room at the other end.



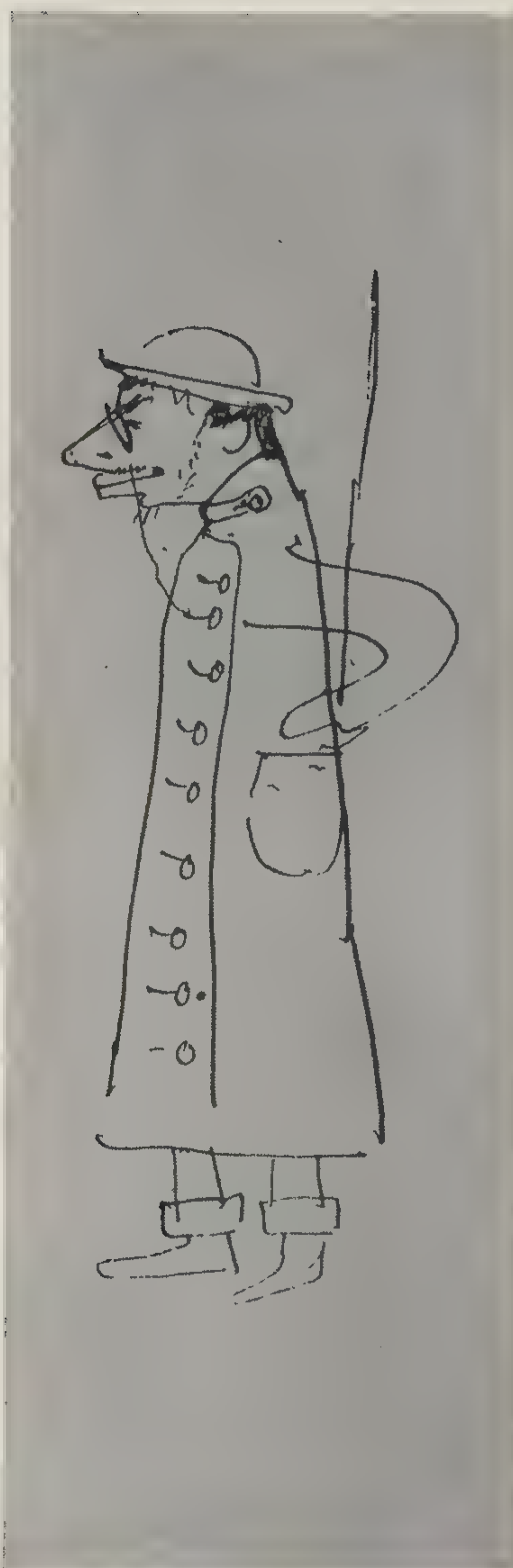
PHILIP STEARNS

The

Rainbow Sauces of Toulouse-Lautrec

BY J. D. AND S. B. B. STAMM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These sauce recipes come from a book on delicious cookery, La Cuisine de Monsieur Momo, Célibataire. That title (The Cuisine of Monsieur Momo, Bachelor) refers to the notable nineteenth century French art critic, Maurice Joyant, known to his friends as Monsieur Momo. Joyant was the friend and biographer of the great artist, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. Now a collector's item, this book, privately printed in an edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies by Editions Pellet in Paris in 1930, contains some of the most exquisite Lautrec drawings and water colours, including a modified bestiary, confined to game. In addition, there are several menus with little Lautrecs, and a rather satirical self-portrait. For the frontispiece, the young Vuillard painted Lautrec at the stove, cooking lobsters.*



A LAUTREC SELF-CARICATURE

Joyant is dogmatic. He warns against having men servants for a well-planned meal because they are bound to waft the smell of stale garlic and tobacco about the dining-room. He derides the Englishman for eating such a hearty breakfast that he can not properly enjoy the finest meal of the day—lunch, worse still for eating at breakfast fish that is so salty that he will probably have to quench his thirst in midmorning with a litre of ale, thus completing the ruin of his appetite. He gives us a delicious roster of sauces but insists that they should go without names.

"Our cookbooks mention a number of unprecedented sauces," he wrote. "There are hundreds of them, some of which bear historic names; sauces have been dedicated to the whole *Almanach de Gotha*, to the entire calendar. What good is it to cram the heads of illiterate cooks with noble titles which will only perplex them? Only a few titles, strictly speaking, would find acceptance: those honoured by the centuries like la Béchamel. Why la Soubise, la Robert, la Villeroy, la Champeaux, la Durand, la Colbert, la Gilberte, la Mornay, la Orly, l'Elisabeth, la Tosca, la Jeanne d'Arc, la Régence? Besides knowing the whole dictionary, a cook would have to take a course in history at the Sorbonne.

"Let us put aside the arsenal of thundering names and leave them to the professional masters, accessories for the repasts of society, dinners of pomp and international diplomacy, which demand for their own purposes the marriage of the salmon of the Loire with a sauce Lord Byron, surrounded with eggs à la Edouard VII to honour the Entente Cordiale, or a chaud-froid of quail à la Lucullus served with a salade Christophe Colomb to flatter our Latin sisters.

"Actually, if one scans these recipes closely, or, again, if it is necessary to be sure to discover their true origin, one perceives that some detail, often a tiny one, is far from being a true or revolutionary invention. A sauce should not have a proper name. Just like the rainbow, it is blond, rosy, red, russet, yellow, green, and ought to be good, anonymous, and discreet. Matching the shade of her dress to the dish itself, she is a good, pretty girl who passes without a name, be she gentle or piquant."

WHITE SAUCE
(À la Poulette;
recipe from my grandmother)

3 tablespoons sweet butter
2 egg yolks, hard cooked
1 cup veal or chicken stock
1 tablespoon minced shallots
3 egg yolks, raw
1 tablespoon minced parsley
¼ pound white mushrooms, sliced
1 cup heavy cream
1 lemon
Salt
White pepper, freshly ground

Cook together in a casserole 2 tablespoons sweet butter, the mashed egg yolks, the shallots, and the stock. Bind them with the raw egg yolks and add the parsley, the mushrooms previously sautéed in the remaining butter, and the cream. Stirring constantly, cook the sauce until it is thick and smooth. At the last moment, add the juice of the lemon, salt and pepper to taste, and serve lamb, veal, or other white meat in this sauce. It is also delicious poured over slices of mild pink ham, but in this case omit the salt and pepper.



DR. GABRIEL TAPIÉ DE CÉLEYRAN, A FRIEND OF
JOYANT AND A COUSIN OF LAUTREC.



18 Rue Clapieron

Potage

Supp d'œuvre

Fruit du Lac Michigan

Le Poulet du Chevreuil

Ton gras et croute.

Salade

Entremets

Dessert.

Vin. grand Ordinaire Vauvey
Cordon

Maurice Joyant

A LAUTREC-ILLUSTRATED MENU
FOR A DINNER GIVEN IN 1896 BY
MAY BELFORT, A MUSIC-HALL SINGER,
WHO ALWAYS CARRIED A BLACK CAT.

YELLOW SAUCE
(Aioli or garlic mayonnaise)

2 egg yolks, raw
2 or 3 cloves of garlic
Salt
White pepper, freshly ground
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup olive oil

Place the egg yolks, the garlic previously mashed, the salt, pepper, and lemon juice in a small bowl, and mash to a paste. Add the oil, drop by drop, stirring the mixture continuously in one direction with a wooden spoon. The sauce will become a thick paste. This sauce may be made more quickly in an electric blender, first mixing all ingredients but oil, then adding that a few tablespoons at a time. Serve the *aioli*, a Marseillaise dish, excellent with cod, sardines, snails, mussels; with hard-boiled eggs, boiled or steamed potatoes, young carrots or cauliflower, artichokes, green beans, asparagus, turnips.

(Continued on page 101)

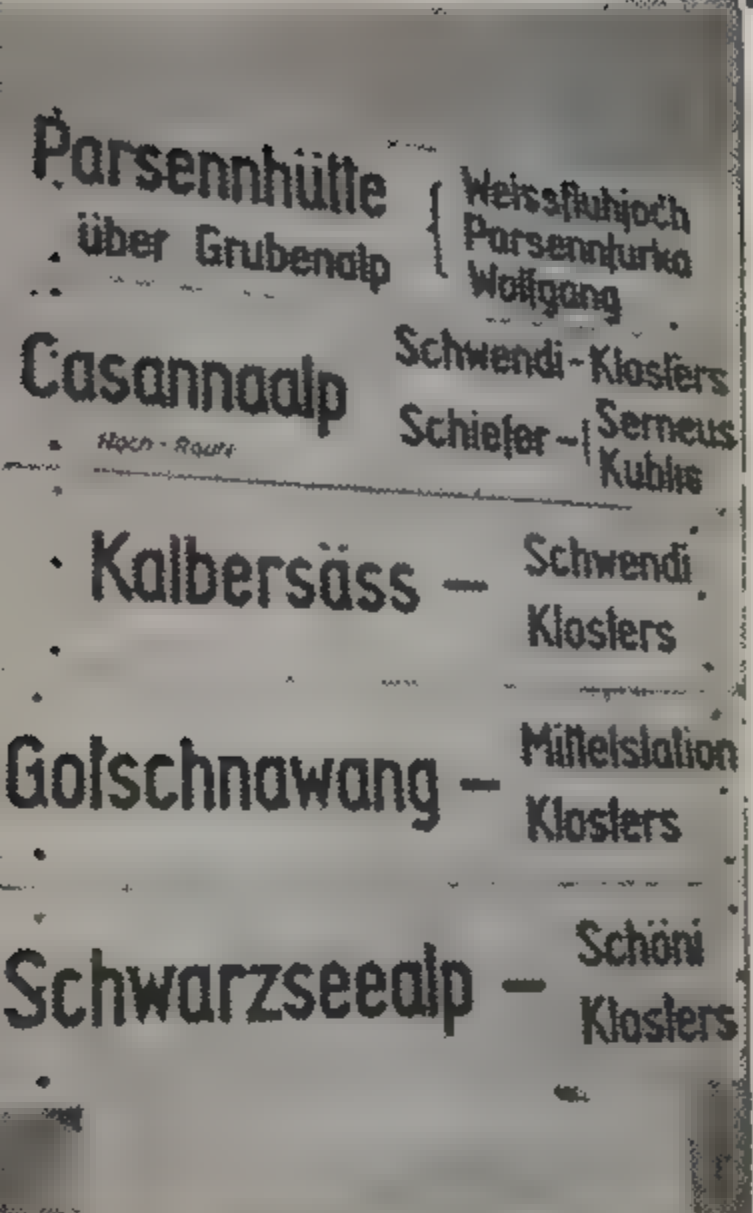




KLOSTERS, A SHINING SWISS VILLAGE

BY PRINCE PAUL DE METTERNICH

A skier at Klosters



SIGNPOST OF TRAILS

A trip to Klosters may lead by way of Paris, Munich, or Vienna, but whichever way it leads, one must change trains, as I do, at Landquart. The Arlberg-Orient-Express drops me there in the icy air, after a trip around the shore of the Lake of Zurich, which is as grey, sad, and frozen-over as the lakes of Russia. A delightful old puffing turtle, the Rhätische train, carries me through a narrow, sombre gorge into a radiant change of scene—the shining Swiss village of Klosters. My holiday has begun.

Upon arrival at Klosters, I head directly for my favourite hotel, the Chesa Grischuna, which I chose after long consideration. In many ways the big hotels are as attractive: the Vereina, the Silvretta, the Weisskreuz Belvédère (under the same management as the Chesa Grischuna), the Alpina (noted for its grillroom), and the Sporthotel Wynegg. I had also considered the smaller *pensions*, such as the Casa Antica, a delightfully situated and charming house—but the Chesa Grischuna has an undeniable cachet for me.

Skiers who are interested in ski classes or in skiing at given hours, often prefer to buy tickets for the ski lifts of Selfranga, Heid-Boden, and Mura-Alpenrösli. I, with a mere two days at my disposal, prefer to go off on my own.

The first descent; the critical moment. How will I react after months without practice? From the top of Gotschnagratt, 7,438 feet, I glide alongside the Parsenn-Mähder ski lift. I have the small, simple pleasure of realizing that I haven't forgotten how to ski; I am not out of form. Although I have an aversion to ski-tows, at the end of the descent I must take one for the first time this season. As it happens, a mixture of misfortune and disagreeable surprises lies in store. For instance, those charming long and slim red legs, which might have been my partner for the ascent, have departed just ahead of me with someone else. As usual, I am paired off with a short, fat man who pulls his side of the tow. The ascent becomes a nightmare. Fortunately, this battle, silent but nonetheless violent, ends before the summit is reached, and, due to the inevitable breakdown of the tow, we are free at last.

After a short descent from the Parsennfurka, I lunch in the warm sunshine at Parsennhütte, a restaurant at 7,235 feet.

Although the descent to Wolfgang is not among the best, I take it in order to end the day's skiing with a final run down the seven-mile Küblis trail. For this I must go to Davos to pick up the Parsenn funicular.

Back in Klosters, a steaming cup of hot chocolate at the Schwemme café puts me in shape to face what promises to be a terrific evening. At eight-thirty, a group of friends meet at the bar of the Chesa Grischuna before dining in Davos at the "farm" of the Grand Hotel Belvédère. The food is marvellous, notably the celebrated local meat of the Grisons which is served with Veltliner, a ruby-red wine. The wine is served from an amusing *Weinheber*, an oddly-shaped glass receptacle, placed in the centre of the table, from which each person helps himself. Originally Viennese, this charming custom has conquered the Alps. After dinner, there is splendid dancing at the Hotel Silvretta, where the orchestra is almost good enough to make one forget about sleeping that wonderfully restorative Klosters sleep.

In the morning, as a starter, I decide to ski the Gotschnawang, one of the stiffest slopes going. But don't, as I did, get mixed up with a group of champions, or the descent will become a refined form of torture. They talk, they laugh, they whistle a tune, and then suddenly one of them leaps toward the chasm. I follow, stop breathlessly to reassure them that all goes well . . . but they have already vanished in a wake of flurrying snow.

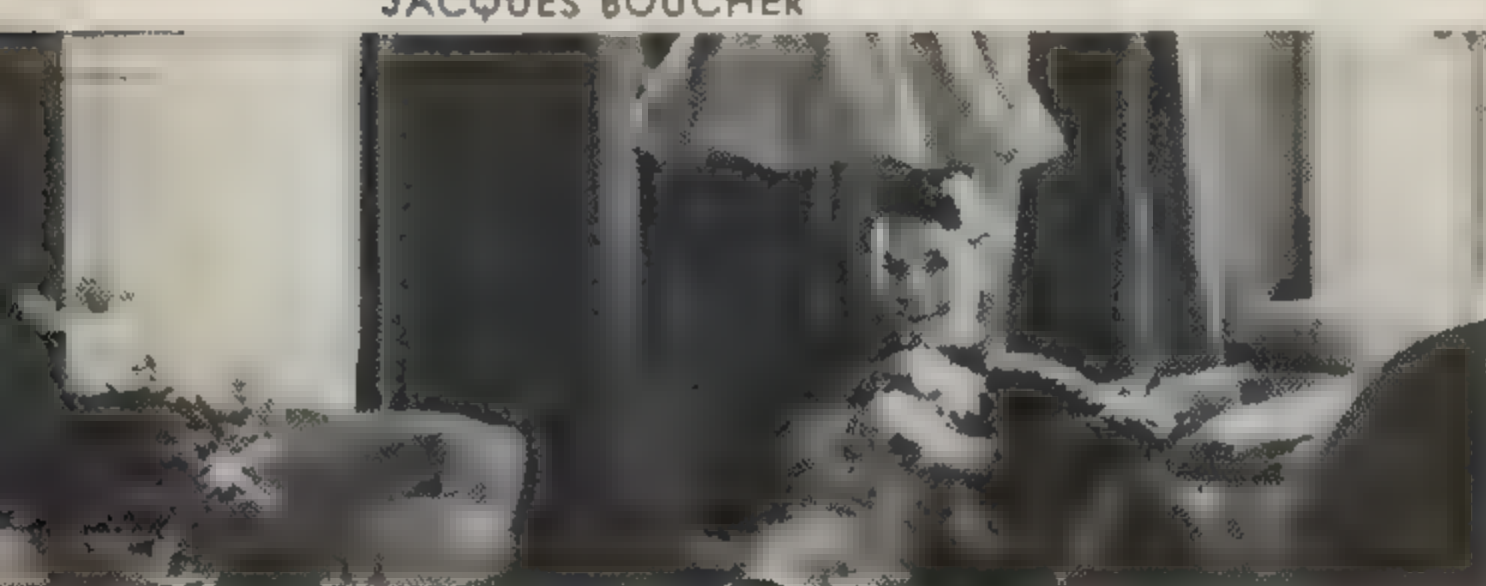
Around midday, we move in the direction of Davos-Dorf. Following the same route as yesterday, we take the Parsenn funicular to ski down the Meierhoftälli, a variant of the Meierhoftobel, which ends at Wolfgang, where a small, sun-bathed restaurant welcomes us.

For our final descent, we choose the Bräma Büel; the first half is excellent—varied, rapid, treeless. The second half is too wooded to be good, so we take the *téléphérique* to the small train for the short ride to Klosters.

My luggage is buckled up. I rush to the train. And here I am, on my way back to town—leaving behind me the sane, happy life of a small mountain village, where, even in winter, nature smiles.



MRS. ANATOLE LITVAK
WITH
MR. NOEL HARRISON



MRS. ROBERT BERENSON, DAUGHTER
OF MME. ELSA SCHIAPARELLI



MR. IRWIN SHAW

MR. AND MRS. ANDRÉ EMBIRICOS

The Key to Anatolia *(Continued from page 85)*

thousand people, there are eighty rows of seats, rising one hundred and fifty feet into the air, which gives the impression of a thrilling flight into space.

Only fifty miles from Izmir, the ruins of Ephesus are an easy all-day jaunt by as good a road as can be found in this part of the world. One may lunch at a restaurant near the ruins. There is much to see in Ephesus: the ruins of the Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; the famous statue of the Mother Goddess of Earth; the pagan city with its fine Odeon; an amphitheatre; and the Celsus Library. Close to town is another Basilica of St. John. It is probable that the tomb of St. John is under the church that the Emperor Justinian built. This noble, classic edifice provides an interesting contrast to the neighbouring early Turkish citadel and the beautiful fourteenth-century mosque of Isa Bey with its magnificent marble door and richly ornamented windows.

Every step is evocative of early Christianity: the square where St. Paul preached, and, five miles outside the city, the church built on the site where, legend claims, the Virgin Mary spent her last years and died.

Söke, south of Izmir, where the Erol Palace Hotel is most comfortable, is an excellent pivotal point for three excursions. With an early morning start, one can cover the ruins of Priene, Miletus, and Didyma on the same day. (Should you be driving your own car, I suggest hiring one for this particular excursion as the road is rough. There are no restaurants along the way, so it is best to bring a lunch.)

Priene, one of the twelve cities of the Ionic Confederation mentioned in the histories of Herodotus, was built on Mt. Mycale's pine-covered slopes. It is infinitely aristocratic with its elegant streets planned at right angles and its exquisite miniature theatre.

In Miletus, as in Ephesus, the sea has withdrawn considerably, making it difficult to imagine this city, now in a plain, as a thriving port. Its superb and marvellously preserved amphitheatre extends over a large area of mellowed, yellow earth.

Didyma is a short distance from Miletus along a sea road edged with deserted, ravishing beaches. Here the Temple of Apollo is a luminous mass of sunlit colossal marble blocks. A marble stairway of gigantic dimensions leads to three imposing columns, all differently executed, with a mastery of style that has no equal in Asia Minor.

From Söke it's a long, beautiful drive to Denizli (the starting-off point for Hierapolis), where you will be comfortable at the Manasset Hotel. A few miles from Denizli one is confronted suddenly with a towering mountain glittering like a diamond with bright blue bubbly water bouncing down its sides. As one drives up the mountain, the light becomes violently intense. The scientific explanation for this phenomenon is simple—the whiteness of the travertine is a result of the crystallized salt deposits, left by the mineral water that has cascaded over it for centuries. Dozens of tiny salt terraces, where the water dances incessantly, are crowned at the top with a lovely natural pool with sunken Roman columns. To swim in its hot, Bahama-blue waters is a delicious experience. The theatre, with its golden tones, dominates the many other monuments on the top of the plateau.

For the trip from Denizli to Antalya allow for a good seven hours' drive across fascinatingly wild, yet vivid, country. Antalya, on the Mediterranean Sea, has a harbour view comparable to that of the Bay of Naples or of Rio de Janeiro. Often called the capital of the Turkish Riviera, Antalya is an interesting mixture of old and new.

Both the excellent Park Hotel and the new hotel, the Divan, are in the modern part of the city. The owners of the Park speak French, take a personal interest in one's welfare, and know all about organizing excursions. Narrow streets lead down to the harbour forming, with their crumbling houses and covered wooden balconies, delightful architectural patterns. The museum has some magnificent sarcophagi, including one with a few bones of St. Nicholas left behind, according to story, by the Italian seaman who stole his body from the

Cathedral of Myra in the eleventh century.

Inland from Antalya, Aspendos has the most perfectly preserved amphitheatre of all Anatolia. It is still used by theatrical groups which come to perform from Ankara and Istanbul. In the vicinity of Antalya are three fascinating places, Side, Perge, and Termessus. Now called Güllük, Termessus can only be reached by jeep.

Near Antalya is Alanya, on a sea-girt promontory, surrounded by a chain of wonderful old walls and fortifications which lead to the Citadel. Gardens of bougainvillea and geranium flower at every corner; wooden houses are in picturesque decay; the melodious nightingales sing; everywhere the profiles of distant minarets and mosques create a world of rare enchantment. The view from the Citadel ramparts is spellbinding, and the eleventh-century mosque is a treasure of early Seljuk art.

Between Antalya and Alanya are the waterfalls of Manavgat. There are many and more important ones in the world but none are situated in a more perfect setting. Enclosed by rich vegetation, an emerald-green river, winding its way to the sea, drops from one level to another, creating a small but delicious cascade.

There are scheduled hour-and-a-half flights from Antalya to Ankara. Ankara is a convenient headquarters for excursions to the Hittite archaeological regions of Alacahöyük and Bogazköy, extraordinarily planned fortress cities in harsh and barren surroundings.

An excursion to Konya and back is easily managed in one day, which may be spent elbowing, sight-seeing, and lunching at the local Colony restaurant, the Konak. Although Konya was the ancient Iconium which became the capital of the fast-growing Seljuk Empire in 1097, its most remarkable monuments date from the thirteenth century. One should see the Ancient and Classical Museum in an old Ottoman Palace; the Mosque of Alaeddin, with its impressive interior of six rows of marble columns; the Seljuk tombs, decorated with two shades of blue tiles; the Sirçali Mosque and College. The exterior of the

Ince Minare College looks like a beige ginger cake iced with turquoise and purple geometrical patterns. The Mosque of Mevlâna Celâleddin, a most unusual monument, contains the tomb of Mevlâna Celâleddin-El-Rumi, the music-loving mystic poet and founder of the order of Whirling Dervishes, who for centuries followed his command, "dance your way into God's graces." The tremendously garish interiors contain an extraordinary collection of Dervish souvenirs.

Two days are needed for the Ankara-Kayseri-Göreme trip. The road is unusually good and so is the train service. (The Kayseri Tourist Hotel is recommended in Kayseri.)

Kayseri, the ancient Caesarea, swarms with Seljuk mausoleums and monasteries. But there is none of the gaiety and lightness of Konya here. The Honat Hatun College, built in 1237, is said to be the first medical school; the Döner Kümbet, the mausoleum of a princess, is considered one of the masterpieces of Seljuk art; the sixteenth-century Kursunlu mosque was built by the famous architect Sinan, who also built the Suleiman Mosque in Istanbul.

Kayseri is the springboard for an excursion to the valleys of Ürgüp and Göreme, sixty miles away. For the experienced traveller, there are not many thrills left, but I defy even the most sophisticated not to be affected by the singular world of Göreme. Hundreds of weird rock formations, indescribable in their contorted and distorted forms, spring out of a green valley which appears endless. White and grey are the predominating colours, giving a ghostly appearance to these cones and pyramids.

At the time of the Roman Empire, these cones became living quarters for the Christians who feared persecution and managed to carve out of these rocks, with no apparent signs of life on the exterior, chambers, churches, chapels, and stores. Many of them have extraordinarily touching frescoes and carvings, and everywhere are signs of an artistically alive community. The cenobites, during several more centuries, added new religious structures.

Several times a week, there
(Continued on page 100)

The Seawolf *Continued from page 47*

use a small, non-secret device to fizz their drinking water. Plenty of fresh water made from sea water.

Dense Rations: Experimenting with such foods as the delicious turkey logs. Space-makers, the logs are deboned and rolled turkey, put into sausage casings, with white meat at one end and dark meat at the other, then frozen. Good, either sliced for sandwiches or hot with stuffing. In the old days, said Captain Laning, the sage dressing for turkey was so strong that it tasted like hair tonic. (Never found out how he knew the taste of hair tonic.)

Officers and crew have the same food, but since the *Seawolf* is a two-decker, officer food comes up on the dumb-waiter. The men have an enormous coffeepot, full at all times. So do the officers. They all seem to be chain coffee drinkers.

The wall juke box showed a choice of ten records, including "Chanson d'Amour," "El Rancho Rock," and "If I Could Hold You in My Arms."

In the control room, the handles of the machinery are distinguishable in the dark: round, oblong, square, triangular. In certain critical places, the handles and levers are painted yellow against white.

The Captain's stateroom, a miracle of space planning—about seven feet by four—has wall-to-wall carpeting, and contains his desk, bed, fan, shaving mirror of polished steel with lights at top and bottom, retractable washbasin, safe, clothes closet, and space for magazines and books. On a bookshelf, there were, among others, the *Book of Common Prayer*, *History of the German General Staff* by Goerlitz, *Administrative Behavior* by Simon, and *Turn of the Tide* by the British historian, Arthur Bryant. On his other reading shelf were some copies of the *Harvard Business Review*, a few magazines, and a variety of paperbacks, *The Age of Analysis*, *The Age of Adventure*, *The Age of Reason*, *The Age of Belief*, and *The Age of Ideology*.

Rigged for red: Red-lensed goggles used by the Captain if he must suddenly go topside at night. The lenses allow him to make a quick eye-adjustment to the dark, that is, dark adaptation.

When not at sea, long sheets of white paper or green cloth cover classified machinery.

Gamesmanship on the *Seawolf*: To ping. To get someone's goat. Anyone who pings an officer is one up. The word comes from sonar: a ping is when sound bounces back after hitting an object.

Although the classical Navy games are "Acey-Deucey" and "Cribbage," the *Seawolf* men prefer, on long trips, "Monopoly," partly because it needs a group to play, and partly because it is fiercely competitive.

Unlike regular submarines, the *Seawolf* has both a medical officer and a Sick Bay. It is a snip of space, with a darkroom device that looks from the outside like a dishwasher. Doctor Ebersole uses it to develop the films, which show the amount of radioactivity each man has been exposed to. When the reactor is activated, men and officers all clip onto their shirts small black dosimeters, which have the appearance of black fountain pens. When held up to the light, dosimeters can be read, like thermometers, by each man. In this way, anxiety is allayed, for everyone reads his own radioactivity exposure. Not quite as accurate as the film record, but good enough.

During the sixty days below, Doctor Ebersole had only thirty-eight on sick call. Of these, twenty-six were for colds, stomachaches, or ear infections, ten had minor cuts or slight burns from cooking with hot fat, only two men had to go to their bunks.

Among the big medical problems are air control when submerged, weight, exercise, and sleep. Most men can't sleep more than about six hours at sea. Although they have plenty of work, spare time can get boring. Some men work leather, some paint. On

the next long patrol, the ship will take along more kits, perhaps tools to make jewellery. Handwork passes the time for the men much the way it did for the old whalers, busy with scrimshaw, those delicate designs carved in whalebone.

For sixty days, the men breathed the same air they were breathing when the ship submerged: air cleansed by chemicals; a special machine measures the air content. Secret devices take care of cooking odours. Unlimited oxygen supply, therefore smoking allowed. About 80% are smokers, 85% married; no correlation.

The last three or four days before the *Seawolf* surfaced on that sixty-day submersion, a few men began to get attacks of Channel Fever, a phrase from the British Royal Navy. Such attacks are really anticipatory anxiety that shows up as insomnia. The men have a tendency then to hang over the navigators' charts; especially true of the engineer personnel. When Channel Fever struck, Doctor Ebersole gave out tranquillizers and placebos to a few men. The tranquillizers were meprobamate; the placebos were just sugar pills meant to deceive. The meprobamate worked, the placebos didn't.

Every now and then there came the sound of a quick snarl as though someone with a high voice had been pinched. It was the telephone signal.

Almost everybody on board studies, the crew for their technical ratings, the officers for their promotion examinations. In addition, everyone goes to what is known as the School of the Boat, where they all learn all about the various systems and their operation. These include torpedo ejection, ventilation, sonar, fresh water making, fire control, engineering. In addition, the ship carries about 20,000 spare parts, with everything catalogued, everything in place. This is no old-timey country store.

Ship's Library: Before any long cruise, the ship's library of 500 paperbacks and 250 hardback books is completely changed. After the first week at sea, the men don't want light reading, West-

erns, detective stories, or science fiction. For the tough haul, such books can't hold the interest. The men want hard stuff, long stories, something with intellectual content. (Sub Service men have rather high I.Q.'s.)

Many of the men take correspondence courses from universities. One man has been taking a calculus course, another student is Chief Berkeye, Chief of the Boat, the leading enlisted man. He acts not only as liaison between the officers and the men, but he organizes the work parties, pay days, and anything else that is organizable. Chief Sonarman Roselle has finished Zoology I by long distance from the University of Wisconsin and has taken up a Wisconsin course in botany, as he plans to go into the forestry service when he retires from the Navy; been in thirteen years. It has been suggested that on future long patrols the Navy send along an instructor in mathematics and English to teach these subjects, plus non-Navy subjects.

In the officers' wardroom, many books are concealed behind wall grilles. Among them, six volumes of the Winston Churchill *Memoirs*, Morison's *History of U. S. Naval Operations*, Emily Post's *Book of Etiquette*, *Who's Who, Russia: Menace or Promise* by Vera Micheles Dean, and The Bible with Apocrypha.

The nuclear *Seawolf* flies the flag of Rear Admiral Frederick B. Warder, Commander Submarine Force, Atlantic Fleet, who is known as "Fearless Freddie," one of the most successful commanders in the Sub Service during World War II. He commanded then an older *Seawolf*, lost at sea.

Because of the shape of the ship—that hollow tube—the traffic flow is mainly forward and aft, allowing each man to see the others every day, and thereby helping to prevent the building up of tensions. Moreover, everyone has technical status and a single boss, the Captain. Each man knows where he fits in, making for an easy ship.

Captain Laning said, "We expect a lot from the crew. If not putting out, then move out. If putting out, get a lot of help."

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE YOU

(Continued from page 33)

out becomingly, particularly if the standing is straight. At least one noted beauty accounts for her well-shaped figure by the fact that she's made it an unbreakable rule to stand up for half an hour after dinner every day.

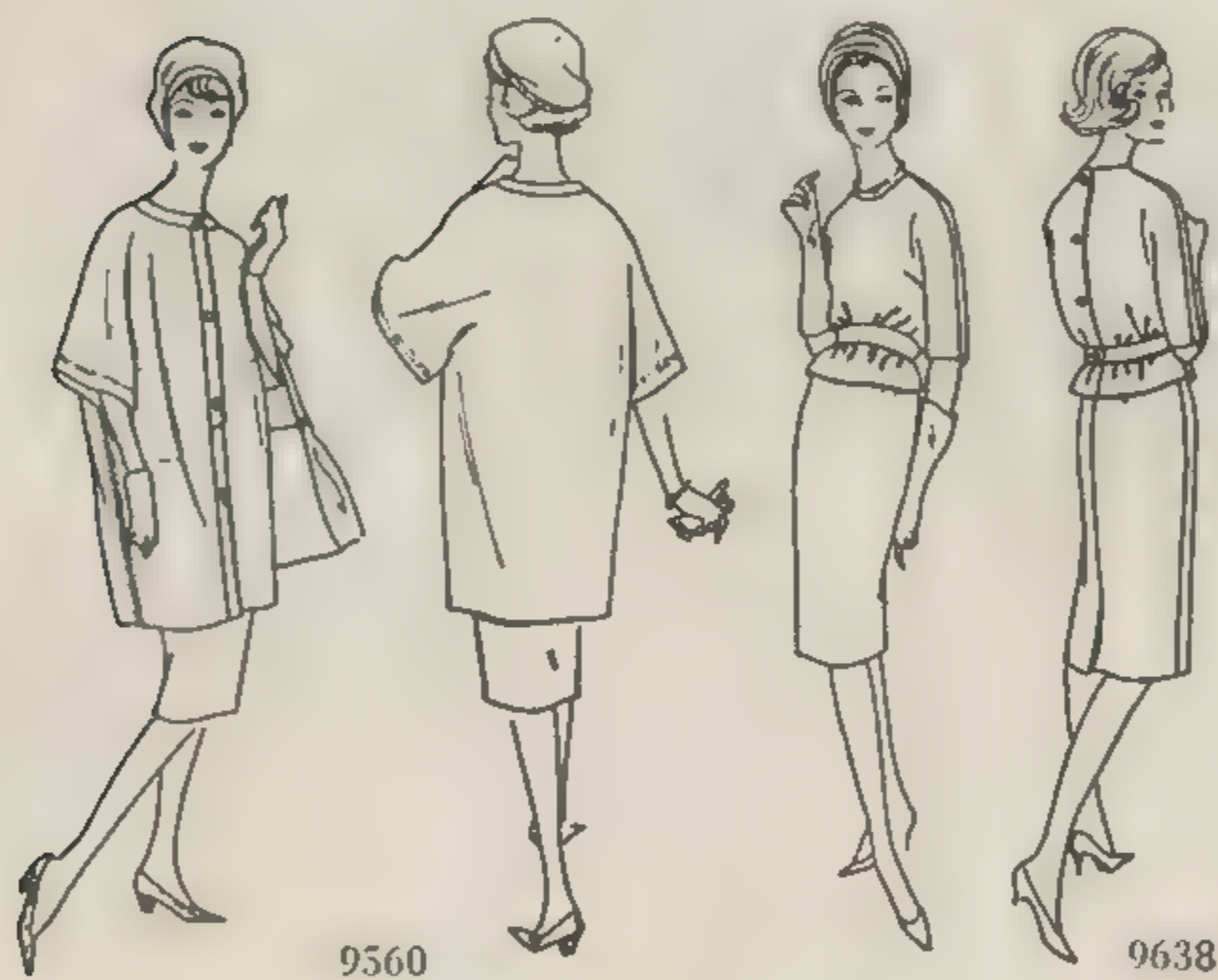
Getting the muscles in motion, then giving them regular bouts of exercise, as we seem to have been saying for some paragraphs, is the basic that keeps the look of one's figure in the lower age brackets. The exercise may be slight, vigorous—even involuntary. And the no-will-at-all system is where the idea of passive exercise comes in—the tables, machines, et cetera, that now go a long way towards taking the incurably slothful to the same degree of figure elegance achieved by peppier women who hurtle about gyms and swimming pools. Electronic muscle-contracting machines, as a matter of fact, actually rest a girl's brain, too. The explanation: a degree of weariness

results from brain fag, which is apparently set up by the exhausting effort of mind required to flash messages to every little muscle. With a machine to take over this phase of communications, one muscle can make a fast forty contractions a minute and go on doing it for some time, unwearied.

Passive exercise, of course, pretty much ignores gravity, still in there pulling down unless it's foiled. And foiling it does count in preserving or retrieving the look of youth. One of the amiable side effects is young, too—lightened spirits. Therapists, doctors, exercise experts, as well as the people who follow the simple directions, stress the very real, sometimes extraordinary, sense of well-being that blooms from exercise. This good word was tablet-sized as follows by the head of national exercise salon: "Exercise is the one tranquilizer that's *really* good for everybody."

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 76-79)



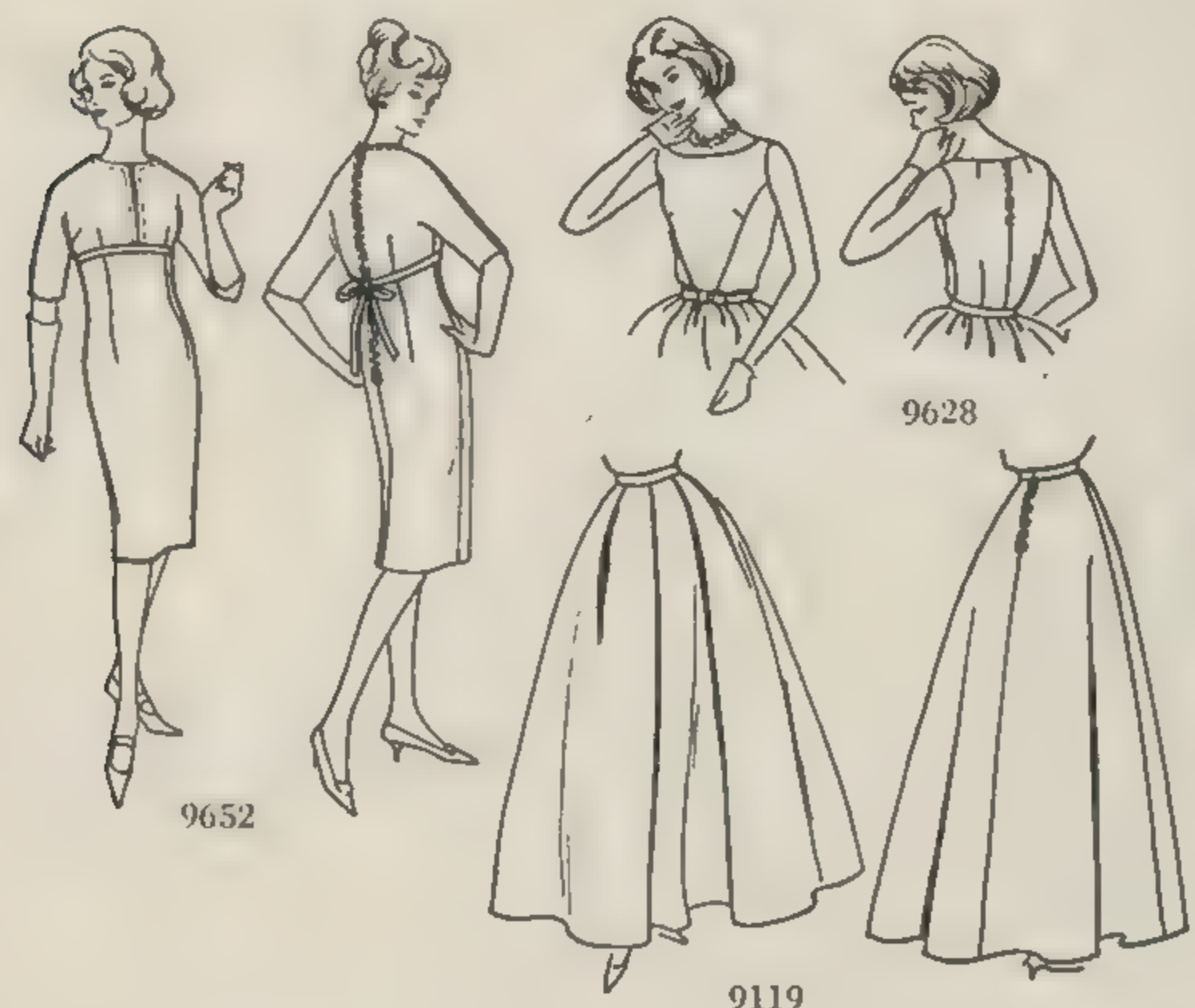
Far left: Very Easy-to-Make coat in sizes Small, Medium, Large. For size Medium, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 54" fabric without nap. 75c.

Left: Easy-to-Make dress in sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 40). For size 14, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54" fabric without nap. 75c.

Far left: Easy-to-Make dress in sizes 9 to 13; 10 to 16. For size 14, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36" fabric; $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54" fabric (napless). 75c.

Left: Easy-to-Make blouse, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 39" fabric without nap. 60c.

Below: Easy-to-Make skirt in waist sizes 24 to 30. For size 26, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 39" fabric without nap. 50c.



VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



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WHERE TO BUY DRESSES
SHOWN ON PAGE 7



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Tampa, Fla.
Wolf Bros. Women's Shop
Youngstown, Ohio
Chas. Livingston & Sons, Inc.

ON NOT SEEING FUJI

(Continued from page 86)

it. "This is called the nightingale floor. It was made to squeak so that the Shogun could be warned of the approach of possible assassins." (My Kyoto Hotel corridor had this same amenity.)

The Gion festival was on in Kyoto. This festival dates back to 876 A.D., when the Shinto priests organized processions in the city as a means of seeking protection from the gods against a plague. The procession took place in the narrow streets of the town. First came the *hoko*, an ornamental tower draped in cloth, on four fixed wheels. It was preceded by priests in light blue and white and pulled by thirty men in thigh-length smocks and pointed straw hats. High up in the *hoko* sat boys in dark blue and white *yukatas* (or *kimonos*), banging brass bowls with drumsticks, and throwing entwined bamboo leaves, done up like fans, to the crowd. There was a pine tree sticking out of the top of the roof where one or two people sat. Next came the *yama*, a decorated shrine cart, carried on the shoulders of a number of men; a terrifying wooden god, eyes gleaming, sat inside.

Most Buddhist temples in Japan are of unpainted wood, and many of them are on thickly wooded hills. Their massive roofs and dull colour, especially when surrounded by tall, dripping trees, make them gloomy. In contrast some Shinto shrines, although they have the same heavy roofs, are often painted vermilion, which gives them a cheerful air.

I decided to go on to Gifu, which is about seventy miles east of Kyoto, to see the cormorant fishing. One evening we were slowly punted up the river and

took our place with the hundred or so other boats that lined the bank. The lanterns attracted thousands of mosquitoes, but no one cared. There was singing to the samisen, drinking, and general hilarity. It was a river party, a night regatta with fireworks, rockets, and music.

At nine o'clock the first fishing boat came down the river. The spectators' boats surged into midstream. A flaring brazier was suspended over the side of the fishing boat to attract the fish. The chief fisherman, in pirate's hat and grass skirt, held six cormorants in each hand while they swam about on their strings and dived. This handling of the cormorants requires great skill. After catching a fish, the bird is pulled into the boat and made to disgorge it into a basket. We followed one fishing boat for a few minutes and then withdrew to the bank to watch the finale.

A few days later I took a bus up to Lake Chuzenji, which is four thousand feet above sea level, and eleven miles from Nikko. The lake, surrounded by wooded hills, could hardly be seen for the clouds.

The hotel was Japanese-Western style, which means that you need not take off your shoes and that there are beds; there is television, but there are also *kakemonos*, Japanese scroll paintings. During dinner, which was exactly the same as lunch, I heard the throb of a drum.

After I had dined, I went out and followed the sound which led me to the Buddhist temple where the Bon Festival was on. In the courtyard of the temple, a wooden bandstand, twenty feet

high, was draped with a red and white cloth; it was brightly lit with lanterns and coloured bulbs. High up in the bandstand, a group of boys in *yukatas* beat drums, played the flute, or struck copper saucers; occasionally one of them sang through a microphone. Men mostly in *yukatas* with red kerchiefs round their heads danced the Bon dance, a sort of Lambeth Walk: arm going up with the same leg, a turn, a step back, then a clap, but done individually without a partner. The women in *kimonos* danced gracefully, twirling pointed straw hats in their hands. Some boys were dressed as girls; others had blackened their faces. Two youths in brief black smocks swayed about carrying a tiny Buddha in a model palanquin on a thick pole. There was a whiff of sake in the air, and everyone was gay. Three Buddhist priests, serenely amused, watched the scene from the veranda.

I stayed several days in Chuzenji. In the street, a storyteller enthralled a knot of children by beating a little drum and holding up pictures which he changed every moment. A charming sound, when not drowned by amplifiers, was the tinkle of the wind-bells hanging in the souvenir shops. These tiny china bells, which cost tuppence, are put up in summer; their little ring is supposed to improve one's morale by reminding one that there is a breeze, and therefore the day is not as hot as it feels.

My time in Japan, as well as my money, was running out. I wondered what kind of a fool I was, leaving Japan without being able to see Fuji, much less climb it.

ANATOLIA

(Continued from page 97)

are flights from Ankara to Trebizond (the Turks call it Trabzon), where one may take the boat back to Istanbul.

Trebizond, newly fashionable after Rose Macaulay's delightful novel *The Towers of Trebizond*, has little left of its great past, but its church, St.

Sophia, is one of the jewels of Byzantine art. The best hotels are the Yeşil Yurt and the Nur Hotel; swimming and fishing in the Black Sea are fun, and the Trabzonians are friendly.

According to Herbert Muller, who wrote *The Loom of History*, "The glamour that once

was Trebizond" perished with its surrender to Mohammed the Conqueror. "The glamorous name lived on, however, in many a literary allusion, or illusion. Don Quixote imagined himself crowned 'at least Emperor of Trebizond.' . . . It would now make a kingdom only for Sancho Panza."

RAINBOW SAUCES OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

(Continued from page 95)

YELLOW SAUCE

4 egg yolks
Sweet butter
Tarragon
1 tablespoon wine vinegar
Salt
Pepper

Put the egg yolks and a piece of butter the size of an egg in a small bowl, and stir gently with a wooden spoon over hot water until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat and add another egg-sized lump of butter, stirring while it melts. Add a good handful of chopped fresh tarragon, the vinegar, and let the sauce thicken. Season with salt and fresh white pepper. Serve with all charcoal-grilled meats, kid, mutton, venison, beefsteak.

YELLOW-ORANGE SAUCE (Wine or Sabaionne)

6 egg yolks
6 Madeira glasses of white Bordeaux, port, or cherry liqueur.
6 heaping tablespoons of powdered sugar

Put the egg yolks in a two-quart mixing bowl and beat them over hot water on the stove until light lemon coloured. Add the 6 glasses of wine one at a time, beating constantly, then the sugar. Beat until thick and frothy, pile in dessert glasses, and serve at once.

DEEP ORANGE-YELLOW SAUCE

(Curry; recipe of Mistress Seely of New York)

4 tablespoons butter
1 onion, finely minced
Parsley bouquet
1 tablespoon raw ham, finely chopped
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon pale-yellow curry powder
1 thread of saffron
1 cup chicken bouillon
2 egg yolks

Place 2 tablespoons of butter, the onion, parsley, and ham in a saucepan and cook until the onion is blanched. Add the flour, curry powder, saffron, and bouillon, and cook for a quarter of an hour, then strain. Heat the sauce again and then, removing the casserole from the fire, bind it with the egg yolks and 2 tablespoons of butter. Serve over hard cooked eggs, shrimps, chicken, or lamb.

GREEN SAUCE

To mayonnaise sauce, made from the recipe for *aioli* but without garlic, add chervil, tarragon, parsley, shallots, water cress, all chopped and

minced very fine in a mortar, or mixed with the mayonnaise in an electric blender. The sauce will be a lovely green. Serve with cold vegetables or fish.

GREEN AND YELLOW SAUCE (Sauce Remoulade)

Add to mayonnaise sauce a mixture of parsley, chervil, tarragon, capers, and gherkins, chopped fine or mixed in the electric blender. Serve with artichokes, cold cooked celery, and other strongly-flavoured vegetables, fish, or shellfish.

GREEN AND WHITE SAUCE (With capers)

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fish stock
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons capers
1 lemon
1 tablespoon finely minced dill
Salt
Black and white pepper, freshly ground

Put the butter and flour in a casserole over a low flame. Gradually add the fish stock and cream, stirring and cooking until the sauce is thick and smooth. Remove from the flame and add the salt and pepper, capers, the juice of the lemon, and the dill. Serve with poached fish.

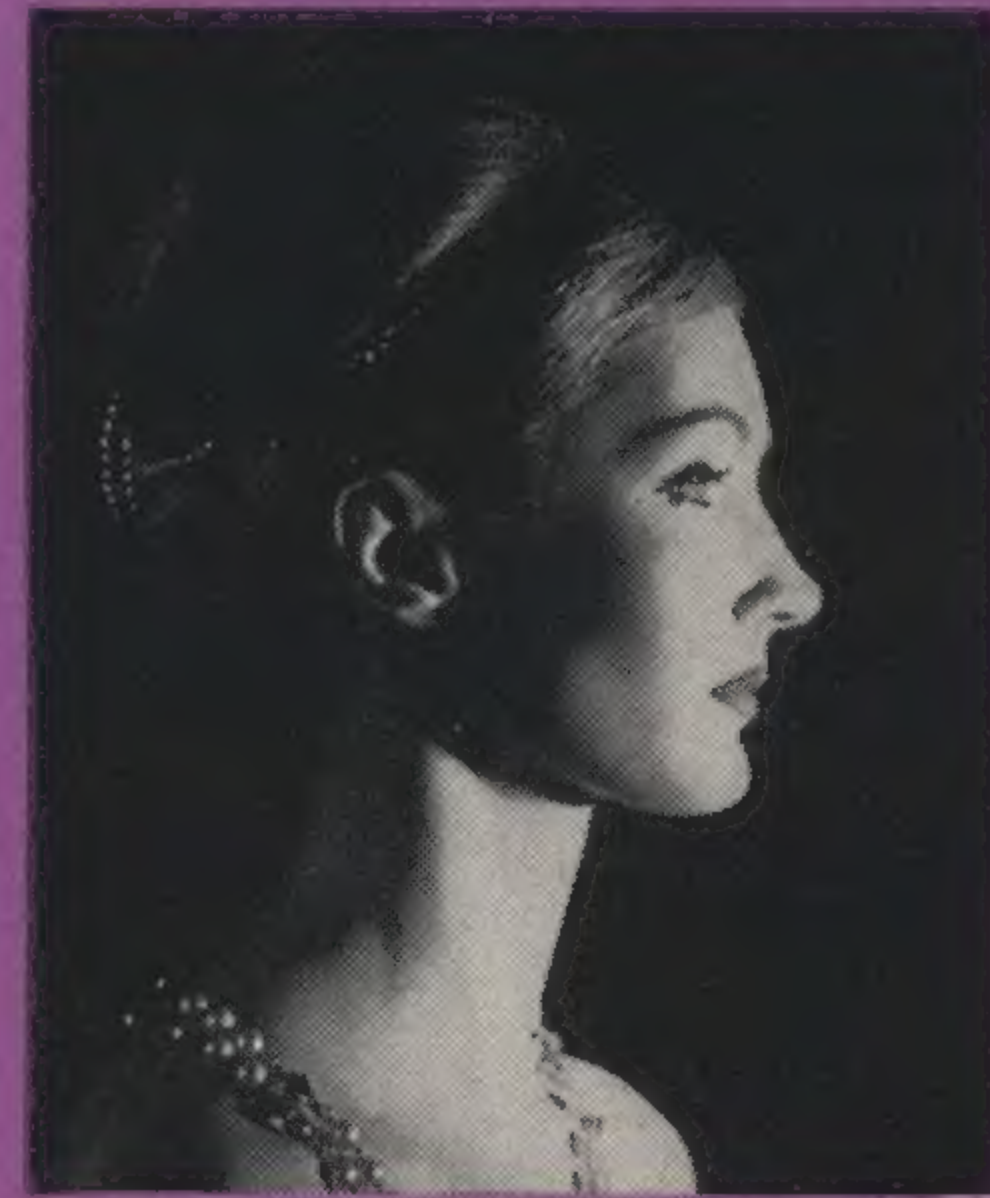
RED SAUCE (Called *Pauvre Homme*)

Put in a bowl two or three tablespoons of vinegar, some good red wine, parsley, onion and shallots finely minced, no salt, but freshly-milled black pepper. Serve with oysters or shellfish.

ROSY RED SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup light cream
1 tomato
2 anchovies
2 female lobsters, crabs; crayfish or shrimps
Lobster or crab roe
1 ounce of fine cognac or kirsch
White pepper, freshly ground

Add to a sauce made with the butter, flour, and cream, the tomato which has been cooked, sieved, and seeded. Then add a purée of the roe of lobsters or crabs, the anchovies mashed, melted butter which has been passed through a sieve after having been coloured with the cooking of the shrimps, female crabs, crayfish, lobsters over which it will be served. Add pepper, cook until smooth, and at the last moment add the cognac or kirsch.



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PORTUGAL: ARCADIAN DREAM

(Continued from page 83)

rest are either what is called *dormidas* and quite unbelievable, or do not exist. The Pousadas, the Government inns, usually built on a cliff or a hairpin bend at the dizzy edge of some panoramic wilderness, are near perfection in comfort, quiet, and general pleasantness. They are exquisitely clean and not at all expensive. In fact, one can eat and drink and take one's time in Portugal without having to think too much about money. Bills are honest, easy to read, and without too many of those vexing taxes and surcharges that one finds so often in Italy and always in Spain. Hotel prices are posted on the bedroom doors, and stuck to. During a stay of over five months—complete with house-keeping, servant coping, car repairs—we found the Portuguese people, who work very hard and very long for abominably little, almost touchingly honest.

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